# NEW SOUL WINNING SONGS

By

PETER PHILIP BILHORN

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Sold by E. G. S. S.
To
Mrs Towse.

# NEW
# SOUL WINNING SONGS

For the

## Church, Sunday School, Evangelism

and

## Social Service

By

PETER PHILIP BILHORN

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*By*

PETER PHILIP BILHORN

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*The Author*

# New Soul Winning Songs

3

## What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?

B. A. R. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Lord, Thou hast granted sal-va - tion to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
3. Par - don is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
4. Read - y and will-ing Thy voice to o - bey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

From Sa-tan's bond-age at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I would point oth-ers to God's on - ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
Bid me to follow Thee day un - to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?

REFRAIN. *Faster.* *rit.*

What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?

Je - sus, my Master, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?

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# To the Work!

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed, To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bour for all, For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

fol - low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
foun-tain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our
king-dom of darkness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho - vah ex -
robe and a crown shall our la - bour reward; When the home of the faith-ful our

strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid - ings, "Sal-va - tion is free."
alt - ed shall be In the loud swell-ing chor - us, "Sal-va - tion is free."
dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va - tion is free."

Chorus.

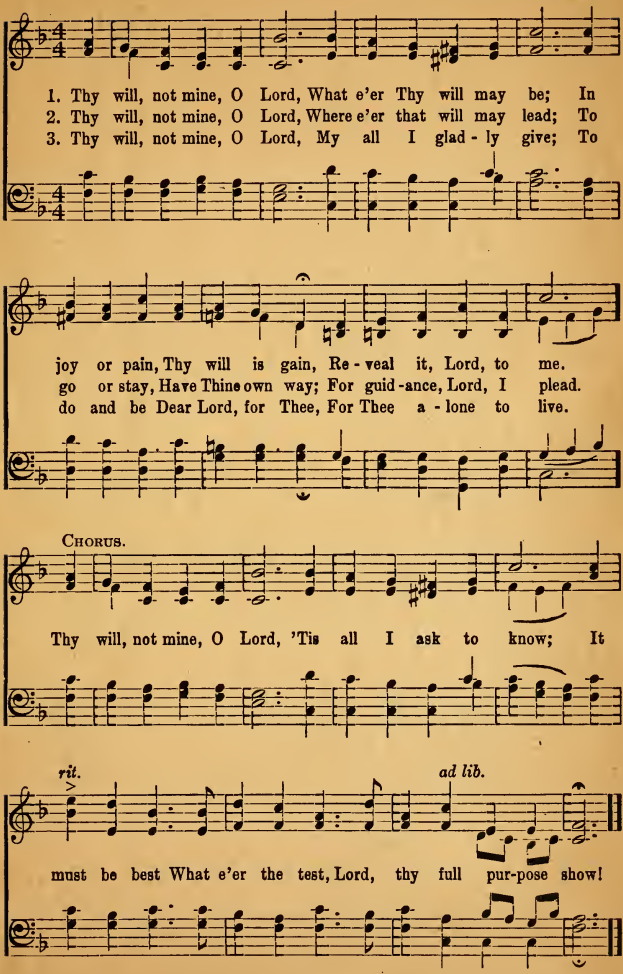
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,

Let us hope, Let us watch,

Let us hope, and trust, Let us watch and pray, And labor till the Mast-er comes.

# Thy Will, Not Mine, O Lord.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Thy will, not mine, O Lord, What e'er Thy will may be; In
2. Thy will, not mine, O Lord, Where e'er that will may lead; To
3. Thy will, not mine, O Lord, My all I glad - ly give; To
joy or pain, Thy will is gain, Re - veal it, Lord, to me.
go or stay, Have Thine own way; For guid - ance, Lord, I plead.
do and be Dear Lord, for Thee, For Thee a - lone to live.
CHORUS.
Thy will, not mine, O Lord, 'Tis all I ask to know; It
rit.
ad lib.
must be best What e'er the test, Lord, thy full pur-pose show!

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# Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave; There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-body's brother! oh! who then, will dare To
lin-ger so long? See he is sinking; oh, has-ten to-day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore; Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But

Chorus.

throw out the Life-Line; his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
throw out the Life-Line, and save them to-day.
} Throw out the Life-Line!

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way; Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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# Go Out and Bring Them In.

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. There are sheep a-stray from the Master's fold, They have wandered far from the
2. Some have turned a-side from the nar - row way, And their feet are fast in the
3. There are some like sail - ors on shift-ing sand, And their ships are caught on the
4. In the Master's name let the work be done, Great is your re - ward if you

streets of gold, They are dy - ing now in the storm and cold Go
mire - y clay, Go and lift them out while it is to - day, Go
rock bound strand, Go to them and reach out a help - ing hand, Go
save but one, Day and night from morn to the set - ting sun, Go

Chorus.

Go out..... Go out and bring the wandering in. Go out and bring them in, Go out.....

out and bring them in, Go out and bring them in, Bring the wandering sheep to the Mas-ter's fold, Go out and bring the wandering in.

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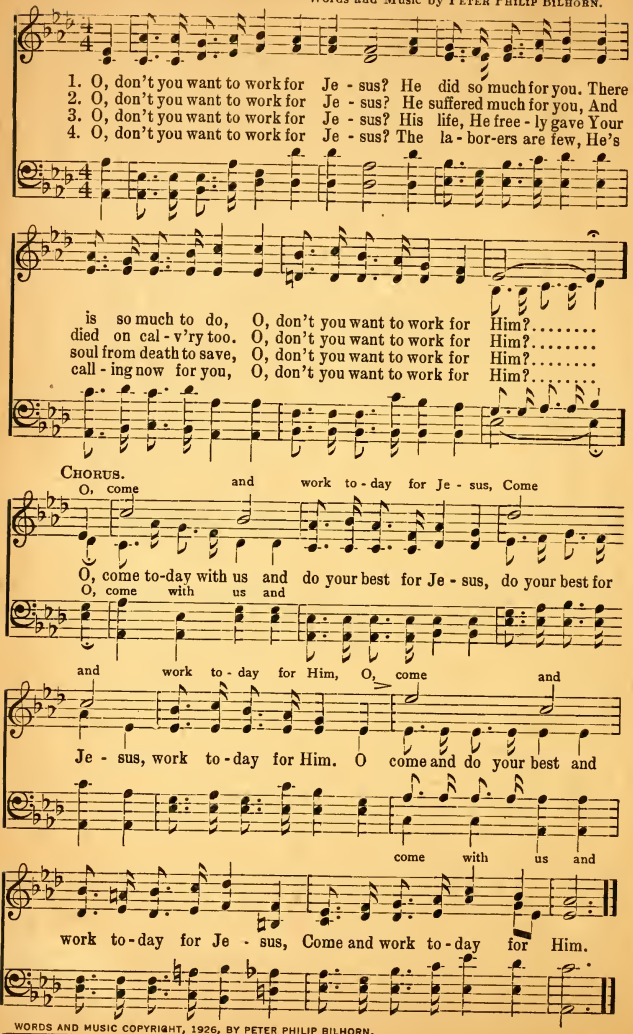
# Don't You Want to Work for Jesus.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

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# The Lord Needs You.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing to-day; A-rouse ye, a-rouse ye, His
2. So much to be done and the hours swiftly fly, The time for our reaping so
3. While bright the sun shineth go work with a will, Till ev'ning de-clineth His

word to o-bey; The fields are all bend-ing with rich ripened grain, For
soon will pass by; Your part of the la-bor no oth-er can do, Some
gar-ner to fill; Shrink not from the toil-ing, He'll rich-ly re-pay, Sweet

Chorus.

*ff* *f*

reap-ers He long has been call-ing in vain A-rouse ye, come
sheaves will be lost if not gath-ered by you.
rest will be yours at the close of the day.

A-rouse ye,

join us to-day; A-rouse ye, and toil while ye may; The har-vest is

A-rouse ye,

*rit.*

great and the lab'res are few, The Lord of the harvest needs you....

Yes you.

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# It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide, It pays to be
3. Tho' sometimes the shad-ows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may

joy with-out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His
true w'at-e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-
come to beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-

CHORUS.

words; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
bide; It pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it
pay; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.

pays ev-'ry day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the pathway to
ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

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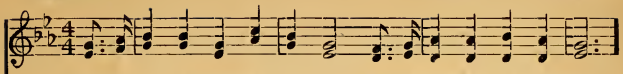
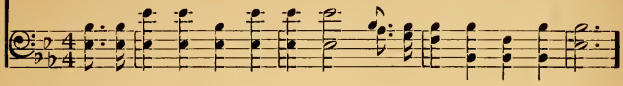
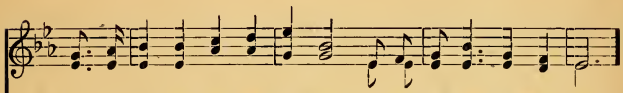
# Answer Yes.

JAMES ROWE. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

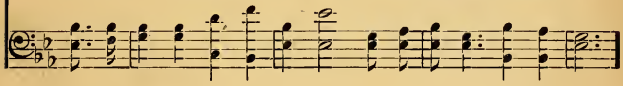


1. Christ for help - ing hands is call - ing; Ma-ny souls are in dis- tress;
2. Ma - ny fet-tered souls are plead - ing, In the vale of sin they lie;
3. Far in darkness they have wandered, Weak and sin - ful now are they;
4. Hope and light they wish to bor - row; Ma-ny foes a-round them press.

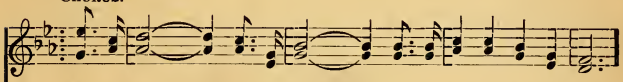




All a-round us they are fall - ing, Shall we help Him? An-swer Yes.
Light and com-fort they are need - ing, Shall we help them, you and I?
Time and tal - ents they have squandered; Je -sus pleads for them to - day.
Shall we go to share their sor - row? Shall we help them? An-swer Yes.

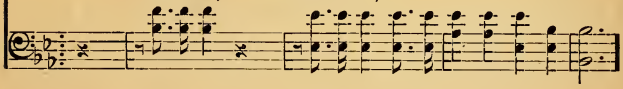


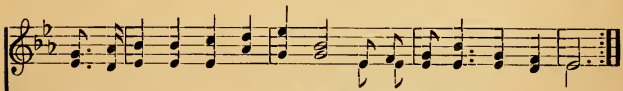
CHORUS.



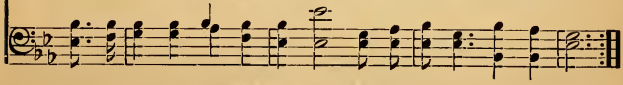
An-swer Yes,..... An-swer Yes,..... Haste a-way, some soul to bless.

Answer Yes, Answer Yes,





Hark! The Sav-ior still is call - ing. Shall we help Him? An-swer Yes.



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# Be Not Weary in Well Doing.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

*Solo or Solo and Chorus.*

1. Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, Turn not from the path of right;
2. If we toil thro' hot-test noon-day, If we climb the mountains steep,
3. Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, In due sea - son we shall reap
4. Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, When we reach the gold-en strand,

Tho' your way leads thro' deep wa-ters, You are pre - cious in His sight.
There will be rich tro-phies for us Meet to cast at Je - sus' feet.
If we faint not by the way-side, And the nar - row path-way keep.
We will sing His praise for-ev - er In the ho - ly, hap - py land.

CHORUS.

Be not wea - ry in well do - ing, For the Mas - ter standeth near;

*cres.* *ff*

And He watch-es while we're toil - ing, Soon the well done we shall hear.

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# Go! Bring Them Back.

C. D. Meigs. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. We hear the plea for try-ing to keep The lambs of the
2. 'Twas not a lamb that wandered a-way, In the par-a-ble
3. Out in the des-ert, out in the cold, A sheep the Good
4. And why should we so ear-nest-ly, long, For sheep of the
5. For lambs will fol-low aft-er the sheep As far as the
6. So with the sheep we ear-nest-ly plead For the sake of the

flock in the fold, And well we may; but what of the sheep, Shall
Je-sus told; A grown-up sheep had gone far a-stray From
Shep-herd sought; Back to the flock, safe in-to the fold, A
flock weep and pray? Be-cause there's dan-ger if they go wrong: They'll
sheep stray a-way; If sheep go wrong it will not be long Till
lambs to-day; If lambs are lost, what ter-ri-ble cost Will

Chorus.

they be left out in the cold?
nine-ty and nine in the fold.
wan-der-ing sheep He brought.
lead the young lambs a-stray.
lambs are as wrong as they.
fall on the sheep to pay.

1. No! bring them back to-day, No! bring them
2. Go! bring them back to-day, Go! bring them
3. Who'll bring them back to-day, Who'll bring them

back to-day: No! bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back.
back to-day; Go! bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back.
back to-day; Who'll bring them back to-day, Bring the wand'ring back?

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# Ambassadors for the King.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. In the stead of the Lord we be-seech you to-day, Be ye rec-on -ciled,
2. Naught remains to be done, all thy debt Je-sus paid, Be ye rec-on -ciled,
3. When the Lord has redeemed you go ech - o the call, Be ye rec-on -ciled, to God,

be ye rec-on -ciled; And with pur-pose of heart from your sins turn a-way,
be ye rec-on-ciled; Your in - i - qui-ties once up - on Him have been laid,
be ye rec-on-ciled; In the serv-ice of Je - sus there's room for us all, to God;

CHORUS.

Be ye rec-on-ciled to God.
Be ye rec-on-ciled to God. We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King,
Who are reconciled to God. unto God. the King of kings,

We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King, And we beseech of you, Now we be-
the King of kings,

seech of you, Be ye rec-on -ciled to God; Be ye rec-on -ciled to God.

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# May the Master Count On You?

H. L. Frisbie. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. There's a call for reap-ers in the fields to-day, And for will-ing hands to
2. 'Tis the Mas-ter call-ing, lend a help-ing hand, Ur-gent is the need, no
3. Will you still de-lay, and must He call in vain: Will you help us reap and
4. Lo! the fields are white, the Master bids you haste, For each moment lost some

bear the sheaves away; See! the grain is ripe, will you the call o-bey?
long-er i-dle stand; Bring your sick-les keen and join the reap-er band:
gath-er in the grain; Will you pray and work, in sun-shine or in rain,
good grain goes to waste; Come and faithful be wher-ev-er you are placed.

Chorus. *ff*

May the Mas-ter count on you? May He count on you to help us reap to-

day, May He count on you to bear the sheaves a-way; Will you toil with

us and be a toil-er true; May the Mas-ter count on you?

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# Tell Out The Message.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Tell out the mes-sage of Je - sus, Tell it to souls lost in sin;
2. Tell out the mes-sage in earn - est, Time is fast pas-sing a - way;
3. Tell out the mes-sage, be-liev - ing, Knowing God's promise is true,

Tell of the gift of sal - va - tion, Offered their par-don to win.
Souls to e - ter - ni - ty hast-'ning, Need to know Je - sus to - day.
Know-ing the Spi - rit is will - ing, Work of con - vic-tion to do.

CHORUS.

Tell out the Message of Je - sus, Tell it that oth-ers may know;

*f*

On - ly in Christ is re - demp - tion, Live His Sal - va-tion to show.

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# I Want to Tell Others.

MARTHA S. CLINGAN. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. I want to tell oth - ers what Christ did for me, How
2. Those on - ly who know Him can tell of His love, Can
3. I want all the hope - less to know Je - sus' caress, Their
4. I want to tell oth - ers that through the long years His

He for their souls doth care; For if they once know Him, they
tell of His grace di - vine; Can tell of the home He pre -
load He will help them lift; I called and He an-swered, my
love like a shel - t'ring wing, Has shield - ed in sor - row, has

rea - dy will be, To fol - low Him an - y - where.
par - eth a - bove, This won - der - ful Friend of mine.
bur - den He shares, O, come, take this price - less gift.
stilled all my fears, That love now with joy I sing.

CHORUS.

I want to tell oth - ers of Je - sus, Of Je - sus, of Je - sus; I

want to tell oth - ers of Je - sus, And what He has done for me.

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# What Will Your Harvest Be?

Miss Julia H. Johnston. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. This is the gold-en seed-time, What will the har-vest yield
2. Sow-ing the seeds of sor-row, Plant-ing the thorns of wrong,
3. What of your seed, be-lov-ed, You who have named His name?
4. Ear-nest and faith-ful toi-lers, bear-ing the pre-cious seed,

What is the seed, O sow-er, Dropped in the wait-ing field?
Look to the end, thou sow-er, Tho' it may tar-ry long;
Is it from out the gar-ner, Pre-cious and still the same?
Sow-ing be-side all wa-ters, Read-y in word and deed,

In-to the o-pen fur-row, Un-der the sun-light free,
Sow-ing in sin and doubting, Seed for e-ter-ni-ty,
Are you a care-less i-dler? What is your hope and plea?
You shall re-turn re-joic-ing, You shall the Mas-ter see:

Seed from your hand is fall-ing, Oh! what will your harvest be?
Reep-ing the fruit here-af-ter, Oh! what will your harvest be?
When you must join the reap-ers, Oh! what will your harvest be?
When the ripe sheaves are gar-ner'd, Oh! blest will your harvest be?

CHORUS. *Rit.* *Rit.*

What will your harvest be, (harvest be), What will your har-vest be?
Last V. *Blest will your harvest be, (harvest be), Blest will your har-vest be?*

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# Do Something Today.

EARNEST LEE THOMPSON. P. P. BILHORN

1. He called and I glad - ly gave ear to His voice, He called me to serv - ice and made me re - joice; I o - pened my heart's door He came in to stay, And now I'll do some-thing for Je - sus each day.
2. The har - vest is ripe and the reap - ers are few, I will not stand i - dle there's room for me too; The grain must not per - ish, I will not de - lay, I long to do some-thing for Je - sus to - day.
3. We can - not re - cov - er the days that are lost, Which i - dly we squandered and fear - ful the cost; There is no to - mor - row; we must not de - lay, But rise and do some-thing for Je - sus to - day.

*f*

CHORUS.

I long . . . . to do some-thing for Je - sus to - day,
I long to do something Je-sus to - day,

*cres.* *f* *rit.*

His voice . . . . is still call - ing, I'll rise and do something to - day.
His voice is still calling, still calling to-day,

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# I Know I Love Thee Better Lord.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told.) Of love so full and free: The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) The blood— it cleans-eth me, (cleanseth me.)

*Rit*

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# His Love Is So Precious to Me.

DUET, QUARTET OR CHORUS. Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1 I was stray-ing a - far from the shel - ter - ing fold, Like a sheep I was lost in the wild; 'Twas his won-der-ful love that so ten - der-ly sought, 'Till He found me, His wan-der - ing child.

2. I was wea - ry and burdened and hung - ry and cold, Far a - way from his love and his care; But He sought me, and brought me, and taught me to know That He came all my bur-dens to bear.

3. Some sweet day when on earth my life's work is all done, I shall cross to the bright golden shore; With the millions redeemed, I will praise Him and sing, Of His won - der - ful love, ev - er - more.

4. Now en- fold - ed I rest in the arms of His love, Clinging close to my Lord's guiding hand; I will trust Him and fol-low wher-ev - er He leads, 'Till I en - ter the beau - ti - ful land.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

For His love is so precious to me, For His love is so precious to me, I'll be hap - py for - ev-er, just as hap-py as can be, For His love is so precious to me.

*f* *ff* *f*

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# The Way, The Truth, The Life.

Rev. T. C. Horton. Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. Thus saith the Lord, "I am the way," For sin - ful men lost, and a - stray,
2. Thus saith the Lord, "I am the truth," I loved thee from thy days of youth,
3. Thus saith the Lord, "I am the life," I came to save the world from strife.
4. Thus saith the Lord, "I am the door," With heart of love, I thee im - plore,

Who've wandered from the nar-row path And brought up-on them righteous wrath.
I suffered, bled and died for thee, That thou migh'ts live e - ter - nal - ly.
I am the life, the truth, the way, Who-ev - er will, may come to - day.
Come en - ter in, the door swings wide, I am thy Lord, once cru - ci - fied.

Refrain. *Joyful.*

Re-joice! Re-joice! the way is clear. Give God the praise, for Christ is here.

*f*

Accept Him now, for Truth is He And live thru' all E - ter - ni - ty.

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# He Holdeth My Life In His Hands.

Theme furnished by
A. A. Ketchum.

Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. My Sav - ior controll-eth my ev - 'ry way, He al-ways my heart un - der - stands; He knows ev-'ry weakness each hour in the day, He hold - eth my life in his hands.
2. No path-way too rug-ged for me to climb, He guides ev-'ry foot-step I know; He leads, and I fol - low Him all of the time, Wher-ev - er He bids me to go.
3. To trust such a Sav-ior is joy in-deed, To fol - low by faith not by sight; To know that He ful - ly sup-plies ev-'ry need, And guards me by day and by night.
4. So on-ward I press, from day un - to day, He al - ways my way gent-ly plans; Tho'sometimes there's danger falls o-ver my way, He hold - eth my life in his hands.

Chorus.

He hold - eth my life in his hands, .....
in his hands,
He hold - eth my life in his hands, Where-ev - er I be, on land or on sea, He hold - eth my life in his hands, (in his hands,)

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# He Paid the Debt for Me.

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. I was a ru - ined sin - ner, With naught wherewith to pay, My
2. My ma - ny sins were deb - its; Naught on the cred - it side; Now
3. And thus I owe to Je - sus, My life, my love, my all, Since

debt to love and mer - cy, Grew larger ev -'ry day; My bur-den was so
blot - ted from remembrance, In Calv'ry's cleansing tide; Be - fore the cross my
He has put be - hind Him, My sins be-yond re - call; Such wondrous love and

*cres.* *ff*

hea - vy, No bondsman could I see, 'Till Je - sus took compas- sion, And
bur - den Fell off and left me free, When Je - sus took compas- sion, And
mer - cy; How could it ev - er be, That He should have compass-sion, And

Chorus.

paid the debt for me.
paid the debt for me. He paid the debt for me, On Calv'ry's cru - el
pay the debt for me. for me,

*rit. ad lib.*

*cres.* *ff*

tree, He saw me lost, at fear - ful cost He paid the debt for me.

*f*

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# The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suf - f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
trac - tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,

old rug - ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

# Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre - cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;

Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, make me clean in ev - 'ry part.
I en-joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean-ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in-crease.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me white.....
Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,

walk - - - - ing,

walking, keep me walk-ing in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walk-ing in the light, All I have

whol-ly Thine,..... Blessed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine,
is wholly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,

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# When I Let Him Have His Way.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. I will praise my dear Re-deem - er Thru' a long and end-less day,
2. When I ceased to be im - pa-tient, Then He turned my night to day,
3. All the way He walks be - side me, Guides my foot-steps day by day,
4. I en - joy a new cre - a - tion, As His will I now o - bey,

For his love my heart is fill - ing, When I let Him have His way.
And His grace is all suf - fic - ient, When I let Him have His way.
'Neath His wings He safe - ly hides me, When I let Him have His way.
You may have His full Sal - va - tion, If you let Him have His way.

REFRAIN.

When I let Him have His way, When I let Him have His way;

*rit.* - - - - - - -

Then His love my heart is fill - ing, When I let Him have His way.

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# Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I
debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No
heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In
as I keep close to His side; (His side;) There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide. Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! (a - bove!)

*cres.*

Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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# When I Recall His Love.

BILHORN. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. When I re - call the love that Je - sus had for me, To leave His
2. When I first saw the light streaming from Cal - va - ry, That flood - ed
3. When I first felt the pow'r of Je - sus' dy - ing hour, I gave my
4. When I be - fore Him stand in yon - der glo - ry - land, And cast my

roy - al throne for Cal - va - ry, Then I a - maz - ing stand
all my soul and made me free, When I be - held His face,
life, my all, my Lord's to be; Up - on His lov - ing breast
tro - phies down for Him to see, I shall be jus - ti - fied

to see His wound-ed hand, When I re - call the love He had for me.
then dark-ness fled a - pace, When I re - call the love He had for me.
I found the sweet-est rest, When I re - call the love He had for me.
thro' Him once cru-ci - fied, When I re - call the love He had for me?

CHORUS.

When I re - call the love, His sweet, un - dy - ing love, His ag - o-
And see Him hang - ing there, my sin and guilt to bear,

niz - ing love on Cal - va - ry, When I re - call His love for me.

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# Keep the Roses Blooming at Your Door.

INA DULEY OGDON. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Down the narrow pathway lo! the eager pilgrims come, Looking for a city whence they
2. Shin-ing as a ci - ty that is set up - on a hill, We increase our talents for the
3. 'Neath the golden rays of kindness hide away your fear, Carry love and sunshine proffer

never-more shall roam; Would you aid and speed them as they press their journey home,
Mas-ter if we will; Use the precious moments and your mission well ful - fill,
joy and hope and cheer; O, so ma - ny bur-dens we may lift and lighten here,

CHORUS.

Keep the ros-es blooming at your door. Keep the roses blooming at your door,.....
Blooming at your door

Keep the roses blooming at your door;..... O! the souls a-wea-ry we may
Blooming at your door

res - cue and re-store, Keep the ros - es blooming at your door.....
at your door.

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# The Matchless Name of Jesus.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUET.

1. There's a name I al - ways love to hear, Name a - lone that calms my ev - 'ry fear, Nev - er was there known a name so dear, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.
2. Won-drous is the name of my dear Lord, Par - don full and free, it doth af - ford. 'Tis re - cord - ed in God's faith - ful Word, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus. Je - sus, bless - ed
3. Oh, the gra-cious pow'r of that sweet name, Just as great to - day as when He came, And it ev - er-more shall be the same, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

HARMONY. *rit.* CHORUS.

*rit. ad lib.*

Je - sus; Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus. O how sweet the name;

*rit. ad lib.*

ev - er-more the same, Oh, the matchless name of Je - sus.

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# In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev- er known.

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# He Took Me In.

A. A. K.

ALBERT ALLEN KETCHUM.
Arr. by P. P. BILHORN.

*Moderato.*

1. A poor and wretch-ed sin - ner I, Lost! lost in sin,
2. No one to love, no one to care, Such was my sin;
3. What peace is mine since that glad day— No guilt of sin!

*rit.*

But Je - sus heard this sin - ner's cry, And He took me in.
But when by faith I knelt in prayer, Then He took me in.
For Je - sus washed it all a - way When He took me in.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Je - sus took me in, Yes, He took me in;
2d CHO.—He will take you in, He will save from sin;

*cres.* *rit.*

When my Sav - ior heard my cry He glad - ly took me in.
If in faith you cry to Him He'll glad - ly take you in.

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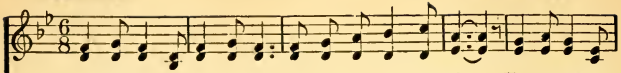
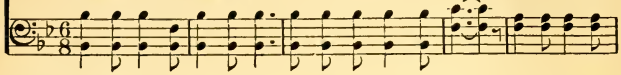
# Love Lifted Me.

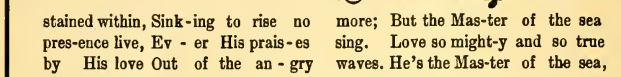
JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.



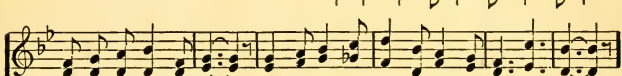
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peace-ful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you



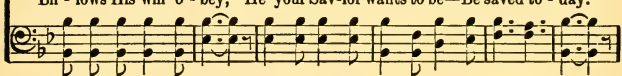
stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



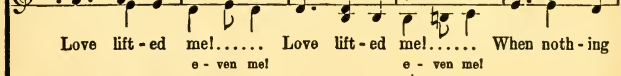
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.



CHORUS.



Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!..... When noth - ing
e - ven me! e - ven me!



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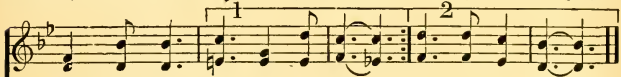
else could help, Love lift - ed me; Love lift - ed me!



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# Jesus Included Me.

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. What a compas-sion-ate Sav-ior is He, Dy-ing to purchase a
2. When in the gar-den of geth-sem-a-ne, Praying for strength to face
3. Suff'ring and bleeding and dy-ing was He, Praying for oth-ers on
4. Hear Him now call-ing, "O, come un-to me," Down thru' the a-ges 'tis

par-don so free; I am so thank-ful and hap-py to see,
dark cal-va-ry; God gave His Son; Who-so-ev-er saith He,
cal-va-ry's tree; "Fa-ther for-give them," this was His strong plea,
ring-ing to thee; Who-ev-er will hark, Sal-va-tion is free;

Refrain.

That He in-clud-ed me.
Then He in-clud-ed me. Je-sus in-clud-ed me,.....
Then He in-clud-ed me.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me. you and me.

Je-sus in-clud-ed me,..... O-ver and o-ver his
yes
you and me,

sweet voice I hear, Je-sus in-clnd-ed me.....
yes
you and me.

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# Climbing Up to Higher Ground.

H. L. Frisbie. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I've left the low-land shad-ows deep, I've climbed to high-er ground;
2. The way grows bright as I as-cend, Such new de-lights I've found;
3. I up-ward climb and watch and pray, Un-til my Lord is crowned;
4. He holds my hand, my feet are shod, In Him I must a-bound;

My yoke is ea-sy, bur-dens light, The Bless-ed peace I've found.
What will it be when I shall stand Up-on the high-est ground?
Un-til I reach that per-fect day And fit for high-er ground.
Since I am washed in Je-sus' blood, I claim the high-er ground.

Chorus.

I'm climb-ing, climb-ing, washed in Je-sus' blood,
I'm climb-ing up-ward home to God, I'm washed in Je-sus' blood.

I'm climb-ing up to high-er ground, The way our fa-thers trod,

*ff* *rit.*

I'm climb-ing, climb-ing I'm climb-ing home to God.
I'm climb-ing, climb-ing high-er still,

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# Songs by Night.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Are you with some sor-row burdened, On your way no ray of light?
2. Paul and Si - las, pris-on-fast-ened, Shook the jail with earthquake might;
3. It is oft in saddest mo-ments That our souls take highest flight;

Strain your ear, all heaven's watching; God can give you songs by night.
Bands were rent and doors were opened: God had giv - en songs by night.
And to strains of sweet-est mu - sic God doth set the songs by night.

CHORUS.

Wea - ry soul,..... cease thy re - pin - ing, Bur-dened
O wea - ry soul, cease thy re-pin-ing,

one,.....God's ways are right, Ev'ry cloud ..... has sil - ver
O burdened one, God's ways are right; Yes, ev-'ry cloud

lin - ing; God can give..... you songs by night.....
has sil-ver lin-ing; God can give you songs by night, songs by night.

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# Are Your Feet on the Rock?

P. P. B. Ps. 40: 1-3. E. Boeckel.

1. Are your feet on the Rock Christ Je - sus? Has He pluck'd you from the
2. Are your feet on the Rock Christ Je - sus? Are you stand-ing in His
3. Are your feet on the Rock Christ Je - sus? Are you shel-tered from the

mire and clay? Is He lead-ing you on to vic-t'ry? Are your
strength a - lone? Can you sing of the full sal - va - tion? Are your
tem - pest shock? From temp-ta - tions with-in and with-out you Are your

Chorus.

feet on the Rock to - day?
feet on the "cor-ner-stone"? The Rock is the full sal - va - tion,
feet on the sol - id rock? Full and free to all,

It saves us from con-dem - na - tion; 'Tis the Rock where all may hide
Saves us from the fall;

In the riv - en bleed-ing side, Are your feet on the Rock Christ Je - sus?

Words and Music, Copyright, 1907, by P. P. Bilhorn.

# O Safe to the Rock.

W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In
3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I have

soul in its con-flicts and sor-rows would fly; So sin - ful, so
times when temp-ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem-pests of
fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when

wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of
life, on its wide, heav - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of
tri - als like sea bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in

Refrain.

A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in
Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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# Are You Building on the Rock?

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Are you build-ing on the Rock, Chris - tian sol - dier? Nev - er
2. Are you build-ing on the earth or in heav - en? You should
3. Why not build a - lone for Christ, O my broth - er? Then you'll

can the tem-pest harm His word; If you're building on the sand, Nev-er
build up - on the cor - ner-stone; If you gath-er earth - ly gain, Nev-er
have a tem-ple fair and grand; And tho' you should pass a-way, Nev-er

will your tem-ple stand; You must build up - on the Rock, our Lord.
will your work re-main; You should build up - on the Rock a - lone.
will your works de-cay; Oh, the Rock is Christ, and sure to stand.

CHORUS.

Are you build - - ing, are you build - - ing, Are you
Are you building on the Rock, are you building on the Rock?

building on the Rock, our Lord? Are you build - - ing, are you
Are you building on the Rock, are you

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## Are You Building on The Rock.

build - - ing, Are you build-ing on His pre - cious word?
build-ing on the Rock?

## 41 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTT. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When dark-ness seems to veil His face I rest on His un -
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the

righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on
changing grace; In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with -
whelming flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my

CHORUS.

Je - sus' name.
in the veil. On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All
hope and stay.

oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

# He Whispered His Love to Me.

V. McC.

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Vivian McCown.

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His boundless store, And His show-ers of
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore - ly tried, It is then that I
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu-sic on

side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be-
bless-ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate-ful for-
know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the

gin to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
get to be, Je - sus whis-pers His won - der - ful love to me.
vic - to - ry As He whis-pers His won - der - ful love to me.
hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.

CHORUS.

He whispers His love to me, He whispers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;

Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me.

# He Keeps Me Singing.

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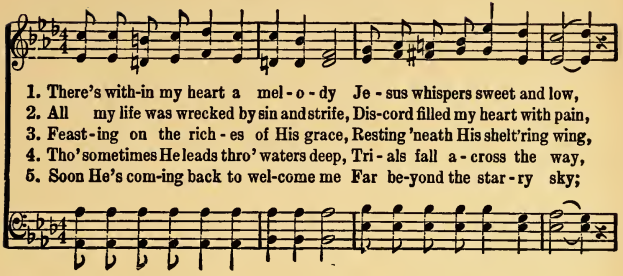
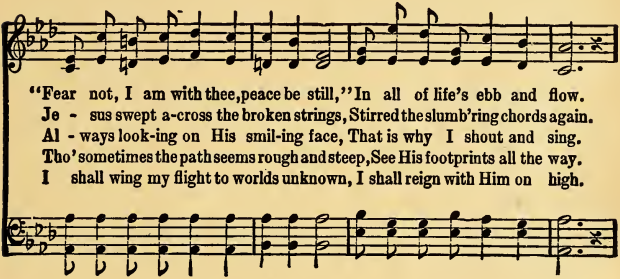
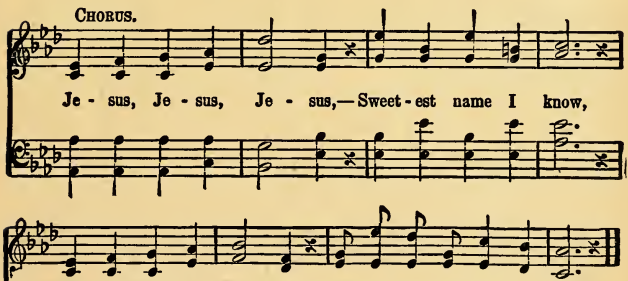
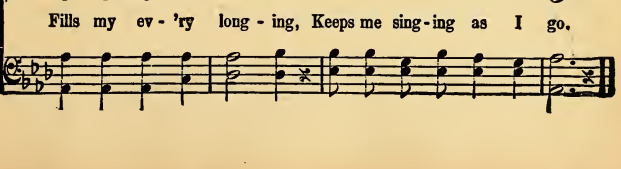
L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.



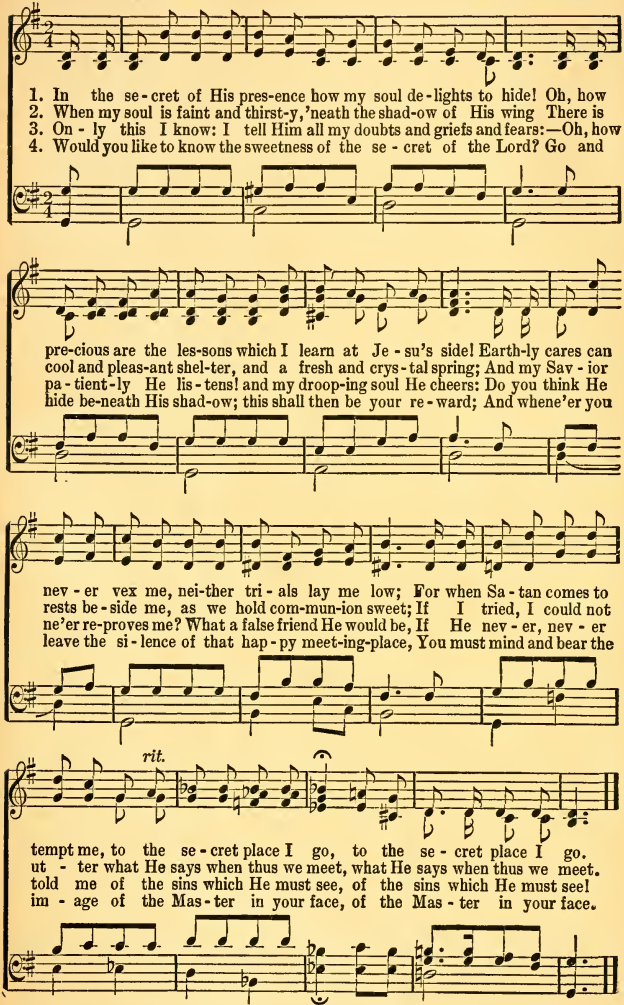



# In the Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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# Lead Me 'Till I Reach That City.

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. Lead me till I reach that ci - ty, Nev-er wrought by mor-tal hands;
2. Though the path be steep and nar-row, I can trust His lov - ing care;
3. There's no shad - ow in the val - ley, That I once deemed cold and lone,

*cres.* *rit.*

To Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, Joy and glo - ry of all lands;
With His strong right arm sus - tain - ing, I've His pres - ence ev-'ry-where;
I am walk - ing in the pres - ence, Of the meek and love - ly one.

*rit.* *cres.* *dim.*

Where the day is nev - er end-ing, Where no night shades ev - er come;
Where the day
No more shad - ows gather 'round me, Darkness yields to perfect day;
No more shad -
'Tis my Sav - ior, He is lead - ing, And the way is bright and clear,
'Tis my Sav-

To that bless - ed up - per kingdom, Lead me, Sav - ior, safe - ly home.
Lead me Sav -
On - ly glo - ry light and beau - ty, Ev - er fall up - on my way.
Ev - er fall
Cling-ing to my hand He keeps me, I have naught to dread nor fear.
I have naught

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# Sometimes.

H. L. B.

DUET. *Con espress.*

HARRY L. BROOKS.

1. Some-times I hear a song so sweet, No mor-tal can its notes re-
2. Some-times to me comes o'er and o'er, The voice of loved ones gone be-
3. Some-time when earth-ly song is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry

peat; Like mel-o-dy of an-gels' lyre, Or har-mo-
fore; And in my dreams I see once more, Their fa-ces
won; 'Till then I'll wait, 'Twill not be long, I'll know the

*f* CHORUS. *Brightly.* *p.*

ny of heav-en's choir.
on the gold-en shore. Some day from toil and care set
mean-ing of that song.

*cres.*

free, I'll with the an-gel cho-rus be, And I shall

*cres.* *rit.*

sing their songs so sweet, Of "PEACE, SWEET PEACE" at Je-sus' feet.

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# Just To Abide.

LENORE HARPSTER. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Just to a-bide in Thee, Thy Will to do; And by Thy Grace, to be
2. Just to a-bide in Thee, Like Thee to grow Telling Thy wondrous love
3. Just to a-bide in Thee When death draws near, Feeling Thy presence then,

Faith - ful and true. Trust-ing in Thy great Strength, When mine is small;
Wher-e'er I go, Lift- ing the heav - y load From hearts that ache,
I shall not fear. Dark be the Val-ley, Lord, Lone be the way,

*rit.* REFRAIN. *Prayerfully.*

Con - fi-dent in Thy power, Con-quer-ing all.
Scat - ter-ing peace and joy, For thy dear sake. Just to a - bide,
I shall re-joice to know Thou Art My stay.

*rit.* *Repeat pp*

Safe - ly to hide In sweet se - cur - i - ty, Just to a - bide.

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# Do You Want a Friend to Love You?

PETER P. BILHORN

PETER P. BILHORN.

1. Do you want a friend to love you, With a love that shall not end?
2. Do you want a friend in sor-row, One who will your burdens bear?
3. Do you want a friend to lead you Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow?
4. Do you want this friend to help you, Bring the lost ones to the fold?

Leave your doubts and come to Je - sus, He will be to you a friend.
One who nev-er will for - sake you, Trav-el with you ev-ery - where?
Come to Je-sus Christ be - liev - ing, All His full-ness you shall know.
You must fol-low in His foot-steps, Not a sin from Him with-hold.

CHORUS.

*Cres.*

Do you want a friend to love you, With un - dy - ing love and true?

Come with all your sins to Je - sus, He will be a friend to you.

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# Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up - on bend - ed knee, Je - sus whis-pered to me, Sweet-er voice I had
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in
3. Days may come, they must go, as a torrent they flow, Rush - ing on to e-

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a-

CHORUS.

lin - ger upon His word. For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
One whom I love so well. as the years roll by,
waits when my King I'll see.

To be wor-thy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,
I will try;

*rit.*

As I near the other shore, For He is sweet-er as the years roll by.
roll by.

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# Mighty to Save.

G. V. T. GORDON V. THOMPSON.

1. I have a Re-deem-er who saves me from sin; Now He's a - bid - ing for
2. I have a Re-deem-er to pi - lot me o'er Life's an-gry bil-lows to
3. I have a Re-deem-er, so watchful is He, Walk-ing be - side me, my
4. I have a Re-deem-er, I know He is mine, Prov - ing His pres-ence by

ev - er with - in, His life for my ran-som so free - ly He gave—
heav-en's fair shore; I know He will keep me, tho' wild be the wave—
ter - rors all flee. He guards me in dan - ger, and bids me be brave—
pow - er di - vine; I sure - ly can trust Him to con-quer the grave—

CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus my Sav - ior, might-y to save.
'Tis Je - sus my Sav - ior, might-y to save. Might-y to save! He's
'Tis Je - sus my Sav - ior, might-y to save.
This Je - sus my Sav - ior, might-y to save.

might-y to save, Yes! Je-sus my Sav-ior is might-y to save! Sin's old al-

lure-ments no lon - ger I crave; Je - sus al - lures me, might-y to save.

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# 51 What Will You Do Without Him?

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. Noth-ing for Je - sus, no place in your heart, Mold - ing your
2. Noth-ing for Je - sus but cold-ness and scorn; Spurn - ing His
3. Noth-ing for Je - sus, no sheaves in your hand, Tal - ent He
4. Noth-ing for Je - sus, His love you de - spise; "Come un - to

life do you give Him no part? When on life's sea with-out
of - fers 'till life shall be gone; What will you do in the
gave you the King will de - mand; Speech-less and trembling con -
Me," still He ten - der - ly cries, Judg-ment is com - ing, then

*m*

com - pass or chart What will you do with - out Him?
great Judgment morn, What will you do with - out Him?
vict - ed you'll stand, What will you do with - out Him?
sin - ner be wise, What will you do with - out Him?

Chorus

What will you do with-out Je - sus, What will you do with-out Him,

*cresc.* *ff* *rit. ad lib.*

When you must come to the judgment, Then what will you do without Him?

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# Bid Him Come In.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-ior, He's pleading for you, Plead-ing for you,
2. Will you not trust Him as Sav-ior to-day? Trust Him to-day?
3. O-pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
4. Come now to Je-sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?

plead-ing for you; Come and ac-cept Him, He's lov-ing and true,
trust Him to-day? He will drive sor-row and sigh-ing a-way,
bid Him come in; He hath re-deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
why will you die? While He in mer-cy is com-ing so nigh,

CHORUS.

'Tis Je-sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
Will you not trust Je-sus to-day?
Oh, bid the dear Sav-ior come in.
Oh, broth-er, then why will you die? Shall He come in?

in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will
Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin; Bid Him come in,

you not bid..... the dear Sav-ior come in?
bid Him come in, Bid the dear Sav-ior come in.

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# Pleading.

DUET AND QUARTET.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. So near to the king - dom Yet what dost thou lack, So near to the
2. So near that thou hear - est The songs that re - sound, From those who be -
3. O, come e'er the day beam Of grace may be past, The call of His

king-dom What keep - eth thee back, Renounce ev - 'ry i - dol Tho'
liev - ing A par - don have found; So near, yet un-will - ing To
mer - cy To thee be the last. O, turn from the pleasure That

dear it may be, And come to the Sav - ior He's plead-ing for
give up Thy sin, When Je - sus is wait - ing To wel - come thee
lures thee a - way, And heed His sweet plead-ing O, come, come to -

CHORUS.

thee. Plead - ing for thee,.... Plead - ing for thee,.... 'Tis
in.
day. Pleading for thee, Pleading for thee, Pleading for thee, Yes pleading for thee,

1 *rit.* 2 *softly.*

Je - sus thy Sav - ior, He's pleading for thee. He's plead-ing for thee.

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# When the Power Fell On Me.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. I can tell you when, I can tell you where, I can tell you why I'm free,
2. It was on the day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow'r of God was giv'n,
3. If you come to Christ and sur-ren-der all, And be-lieve His prom-ise true,

*f*

I can tell you how, I can tell you now, When the pow-er fell on me.
For they all were filled with the Ho-ly Ghost, When the pow-er fell from heav'n.
You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, And the pow-er will fall on you.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

When the pow-er fell on me, When the pow-er fell on me;
3. v. When the pow-er falls on you, When the pow-er falls on you;
3. v. Let the pow-er fall on you, Let the pow-er fall on you;

*f*

Oh, it was a day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow-er fell on me.
You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, When the pow-er falls on you.
You will have a day of Pen-te-cost, Let the pow-er fall on you.

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# Fullness of Power.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET. *For all voices.*

1. Je - sus is wait - ing to give you to - day Full-ness of pow'r,
2. Man - y, so man - y, have nev - er re - ceived Full-ness of pow'r,
3. Ask for thy la - bors to res - cue the lost, Full-ness of pow'r,
4. Low let us bow as we ask God to give Full-ness of pow'r,

Full-ness of pow'r; Wait - ing to send you equipped on your way,
Full-ness of pow'r; Nev - er have pray'd for it since they be - lieved,
Full-ness of pow'r; Would you suc - ceed? Then you must pay the cost,
Full-ness of pow'r; As its pos - sess - ors for Him let us live,

CHORUS.

Wait - ing to fill you this hour.
Tho' 'tis their heav-en - ly dower. Full - ness of Pow - er,
For heav-en's boun-ti - ful shower.
Clothed with the fullness of pow'r.

Full - ness of pow'r, full-ness of pow'r,

Full - ness this hour, . . . . . You . . . . . may re-

Full-ness this hour, full-ness this hour, You may re - joice,

joice in the full - ness of pow - er to - day.

you may re - joice in

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# Faith Is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world. Faith is the vic-to-ry!

2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered death Is still our shin-ing shield.

3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray, Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.

4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n; Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic-to-ry! Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, That o-ver-comes the world.
Faith is the vic-to-ry!

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# Upon His Word We're Leaning.

Theme furnished by
A. A. Ketchum.

Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. The Christian life is war - fare, A strug-gle day by day; But
2. The gates of death can nev - er Bring sor - row or dis - may; Naught
3. We con-quer trib - u - la - tions, A - long the rug - ged way, And
4. And when we reach the por - tals, On that great fes - tal day, We'll

Chorus.

Sa - tan's host will van-ish, When Saints of God will say;—
from His love can sev - er When Saints of God will say:—
tri - umph in our strug-gles, When Saints of God will say;—
sing our Father's prais-es, And Saints of God will say:—

Upon his word we're lean - ing, Our hun - gry souls are feed - ing; He fills our hearts with com-fort and de-light, He tells of crowns and glo-ry, O, what a wondrous sto - ry, By grace thru' faith we're trusting Him, And winning in the fight.

*cres.* *ff* *f*

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# 58 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

old, old sto-ry; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav-ior calls,
will be end-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn-ing! Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die—

CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo-ry.
With e-ter-ni-ty is blend-ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.
For that day my heart is yearn-ing.

star-ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev-er; At His feet I'll

lay ev-'ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for-ev-er.

# Follow the Path That Leads Home.

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. Trav - el - er wea - ry on life's rug - ged way, Seek-ing for treasures that
2. You may gain rich - es of sil - ver and gold, Hous - es and lands but they
3. Ma - ny, so ma - ny have drift-ed a -way, Thinking they nev - er could

nev - er de - cay; Look to the bi - ble 'twill point out the way, And
all will grow old, If you would en - ter the heav - en - ly fold, Then
once go a-stray; Would you re - turn to the heav - en - ly way? Then

Chorus.

Fol - - low the fol - low the path that leads home. Fol-low the path that will path that leads home, Fol - - low the path that leads home lead safely home; Follow the path that will lead safely home: 'Tis God's only way, to that per-fect day, Then fol-low the path that leads home. . . . . safe - ly home.

*cres.* *f*

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# Are You a Friend to Jesus?

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Are you a friend to Je - sus? Do you His word o - bey?
2. Are you a friend to Je - sus? Does ev - 'ry-bod - y know
3. Are you a friend to Je - sus? Spread-ing a - broad His fame,

Giv - ing Him lov - ing serv - ice, Pleas - ing your Lord each day.
Just where you stand each mo - ment, As thro' this world you go?
Must be the dai - ly busi - ness Of all who love His name.

CHORUS.

"Ye are my friends if ye do what I com - mand you," thus saith the Lord, Thus saith the Lord, "Ye are my friends if ye do what I command you," Saith your Master, Christ the Lord.

thus saith the Lord, Thus saith the Lord,

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# He is a Friend Indeed.

IRENE DURFEE. S. W. MANN.

1. You will find Him, if you trust Him, Just the Friend you need, just the
2. You will find Him, if you trust Him, A - ble now to save, a - ble
3. You will find Him, if you trust Him, Full of sav - ing pow'r, full of
4. You will find Him, if you trust Him, Full of truth and grace, full of

Friend you need, just the Friend you need; You will find Him if you
now to save, a - ble now to save; And the gift of life e-
sav - ing pow'r, full of sav - ing pow'r; And the weak-est ones who
truth and grace, full of truth and grace; And at last with all the

trust Him, Just a Friend in-deed, Come and prove the Lord to - day.
ter - nal you at once may have, Come and prove the Sav - ior now.
trust Him He will keep each hour, Come and prove His pow'r to - day.
ransomed you shall see His face, Come and prove Him while you may.

CHORUS.

O come and prove Him now, He's the Friend you need, He's a Friend indeed,
O come and prove the Savior, come and

O come and trust Him now, He's the ve - ry Friend you need.
O come and trust the Savior, come and

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# He's a Friend of Mine.

BILHORN. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. Are you heav-y-la-den, do you oft re-pine? Look a-way to Je-sus,
2. Do not think of dangers He hath led you thro', Look a-way to Je-sus,
3. Look a-way to Je-sus, He is plead-ing there, At the throne of mer-cy

He's a Friend of mine; Count the man-y bless-ings promised in His Word,
since He cares for you; He will be a com-fort-er in deep-est need,
all your guilt to share; Lean up-on His wis-dom, trust His love di-vine,

CHORUS.

What a Friend my

Tears will change to triumph, as you praise the Lord.
Nev-er will He leave you, He's a Friend in-deed. What a lov-ing Friend my
Je-sus waits to help you, He's a Friend of mine.

What a loving Friend He

Je-sus is to me, What a blessing, full and rich and free; What a

Je-sus is to me, What a heav'nly blessing, full and rich and free; What a loving

is to me,

Sav-ior to my wear-y soul,

Sav-ior to my wear-y soul, Since He died on Cal-va-ry to make me whole.

to my soul,

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# The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com - fort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of Jor - dan
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-

roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Leaning on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

Je - - - - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev-'ry day, Je - sus all the way,

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je-sus.

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# Long, Long Ago.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

*Not too fast.*

1. Long a - go the Sav - ior sought us, Long a - go He found us lost;
2. Long a - go on Cal-v'ry's mountain, Je - sus paid the debt for all,
3. Long a - go o'er death He triumphed, He a - rose from out the grave,
4. Long a - go from Ol-ive's mountain, He as-cend - ed to his throne

*rit.*

And to pur-chase our re-demp-tion, Died at such tre-mend-ous cost.
When He cried, "O, God 'tis finished," Saved the race from A-dam's fall.
So his Saints thru' faith shall con-quer, And E - ter - nal life shall have.
Plead - ing there for our transgression, Soon He'll come to claim His own.

CHORUS.

Long a - go,..... Long a - go,..... Je - sus purchased full Sal-
long a - go, long a - go,

va - tion long a - go,..... Long a - go,..... Long a -
long a - go, long a - go,

go,..... Je - sus bore our ev - 'ry bur-den long a - go,.....
long a - go, long a - go.

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# I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Rev. F. H. Bowley. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the won - drous sto-ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to the way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

Chorus.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

Christ..... who died for me..... Sing it with.....the saints in
of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys - tal sea,
the saints in glo - ry, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

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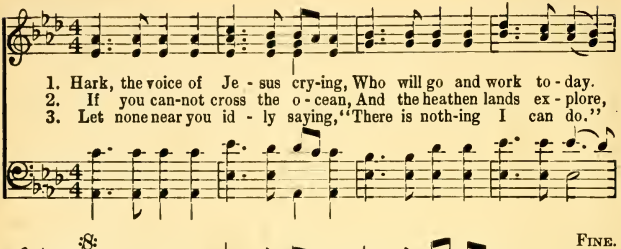
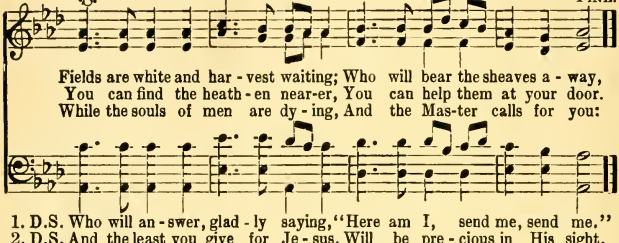
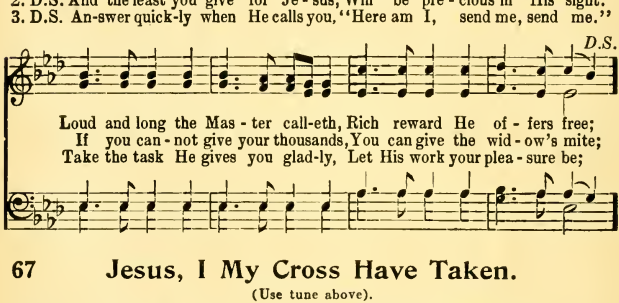
## 66 Hark The Voice of Jesus Crying.

Rev. Daniel March. Rev. Joshua Levitt.




## 67 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

(Use tune above).

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be!
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O! while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal days before thee;
God's own hand will guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

# Hallelujah, What a Savior!*

Rev. Ford C. Ottman, D. D. — Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Je - sus, Thou my on - ly Ref-uge; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me:
2. Words and tho'ts and best en - deav-or, These for sin could not a - tone;
3. Ear - nest - ly I plead for mer - cy, Foul, I to the fount-ain fly;
4. In Thy pres - ence safe - ly hide me; While I draw this fleet-ing breath;
5. Thou, for - ev - er-more, dear Sav-ior, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

As the storm-clouds 'round me gath-er, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
From the sea now rag-ing 'round me, Thou canst save and Thou a - lone.
In the blood shed for re-demp-tion, Wash me, Sav-ior, or I die.
To the heav'n-ly man-sions guide me When mine eyes shall close in death.
Saved from death and sin and sor-row, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Refrain. *f*

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, He is all in all to me.

Rock of A - ges, Thou my ref - uge, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

*Other words can be used: "I will sing the wondrous story." "Jesus lover of my soul." "Jesus I my cross have taken." "Come Thou fount of every blessing."

WORDS AND ARR. MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY P. P. BILHORN.

# Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Sav - ior lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way,
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy bil-lows roll,
3. Sav - ior lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - - ior, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
To the land of end - less day,
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.
} Lead me, lead me,
I would in Thy love abide.

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gen - tly down the stream of lest I stray

*Rit. e dim.*

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way (all the way.)

# Resting.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Over the noise of bat - tle; O-ver the storm and tide, Sweetly my soul is
2. O-ver the vale and shadows, O-ver the riv - er wide; Light to my soul is
3. O-ver this life of tri - als, O-ver the pain and wrong, Rest to my soul is
4. O-ver the fall of manhood, O-ver the in - bred sin, Cleansing is ful - ly

*rit.* DUET. CHORUS.

rest - ing In Him, the cruci - fied.
streaming, Down from the cruci - fied. Rest - ing in Je - sus my
giv - en, Sweet is the heav'nly song.
giv - en, Trusting, I rest in Him. Resting in Him. trusting his word,

dear..... precious Lord,... Rest - ing and trust - ing in
dear precious Lord, dear precious Lord, resting in Him, trusting his word,

His..... Ho-ly word,.... Soon.... I shall see..... Him and
resting in him, trusting his word, Soon ah yes soon, Him shall I see

*rit. ad lib.*

be..... ful - ly blest,.... In His sweet arms,.... to rest.
Then ful-ly blest, Then ful-ly blest, in his sweet arms.

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# Only a Song.

Miss Ada Blenkhorn. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. On-ly a song for the Mas-ter, Sweetly and fer-vent-ly giv'n; and
2. On-ly a song for the Mas-ter,—A heart, from its sor-row be-guiled, For-
3. On-ly a song for the Mas-ter,—And eyes, that were closing in death, Shone
4. On-ly a song for the Mas-ter, The lips of the sing-er are dumb,—They're

one, who in darkness had wan-dered, Re-turned to the Sav-ior and heav'n.
got, for a mo-ment, its bur-den, Looked up thro' its weeping and smiled.
bright with a heavenly glo-ry, Grew fainter and fainter each breath.
sing-ing a song for the Mas-ter, Where sor-row and death can-not come.

Chorus.

On-ly a song, on-ly a song, Tru-ly and ten-der-ly giv'n...

To those who are fainting and wea-ry; 'Twill lead them to Jes-us and heav'n.

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# If You Have a Song.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

*Not too fast.*

1. If you have a song let it pass a - long, It may
2. If you have a smile 'twill be worth your while Just to
3. Let your voice be heard, speak a lov - ing word For the

cheer the bus - y throng; Man - y hearts are
May cheer the bus - y throng;
give it with your song; Pleas-ant smiles, each
To give it with your song;
right a-gainst the wrong; Words are deeds, we
The right a-gainst the wrong;

sad, you may make them glad, Just pass some cheer a - long.
day, chase life's clouds a - way, Then pass your smiles a - long.
know, as thro' life we go, Just pass kind words a - long.

CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on, A smile, a word, or song;
Pass it on, pass it on.

Man - y hearts are sad, you may make them glad, Just pass some cheer a - long.

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# Shall You? Shall I?

Arr. by G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*f* *pp*

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate, By and by, by and by;
2. Some one at last will his cross lay down, By and by, by and by;
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut— By and by, by and by;
4. Some one will sing the tri-umph-ant song, By and by, by and by;

*f* *Repeat pp*

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait: Shall you? shall I?.....
Faith- ful, approv'd, shall re - ceive a crown: Shall you? shall I?.....
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not:" Shall you? shall I?.....
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng: Shall you? shall I?.....

Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gol - den shore Loved ones of earth who have

*f* *Repeat pp*

there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long fore-told: Shall you? shall I?....
earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?....
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?....
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?....

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# Is It You?

IRENE DURFEE. W. FERRIS BRITCHER.

1. Some-one is near to the king-dom to-day, Some-one is al-most per-
2. Some-one is long-ing for peace thro' the blood, Al-most de-cid-ed to
3. Some-one now burdened with sin and distressed, Ear-nest-ly longs for sal-
4. Some-one will spurn the sweet message of God, Someone will turn from the

suad-ed to pray; Some-one now longs for the heav-en-ly way,
yield to the Lord; Some-one is moved by the mes-sage of God,
va-tion and rest; Some-one thro' Je-sus just now will be blest,
Sav-ior and Lord, Some-one to judg-ment will go un-pre-pared,

CHORUS.

Is it you?..... is it you?..... Is it you?.....
Is it you? is it you? Is it you?

is it you?..... Are you will-ing God's Son to re-ceive? Is it
is it you?

you?..... is it you?..... Are you read-y just now to be-lieve?
Is it you? is it you?

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# They Sing a New Song.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. High in yonder heavenly courts the ransomed sing, Casting down their
2. Oh, the wondrous song of Love, at last com-plete! Oh, the gold - en
3. On - ly those whose robes are washed, can join that throng, None but lips at -

gold-en crowns before their King, Banished ev - ry grief and fear and
vi - als, full of o -dors sweet; Thro' the ris - en Sav - ior, once for
tuned by grace can sing that song; Cleanse us, bless-ed Sav - ior from the

earth - ly wrong, While the saints redeemed now join the glad new song.
sin - ners slain, We as kings and priests to God shall ev - er reign.
stain of sin, Let the glorious song of heav - en now be - gin!

CHORUS.

Sing - - - ing to the Lamb..... who once was
Sing-ing to the Lamb, Sing - ing to the Lamb,

slain on Cal - va - ry, Sing - - - ing to the
slain on Cal - va - ry, Cal-va-ry, Sing - ing to the Lamb,

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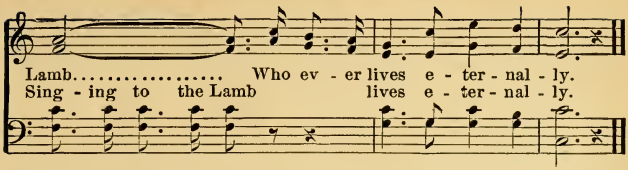
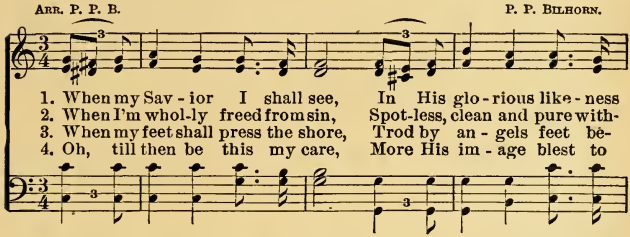
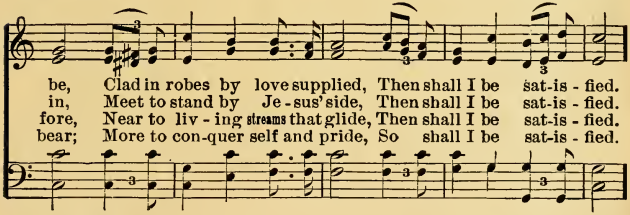
## They Sing a New Song.



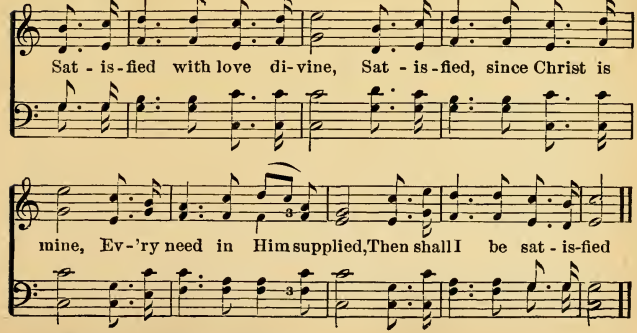

## 76 When My Savior I Shall See.

ARR. P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.




CHORUS.

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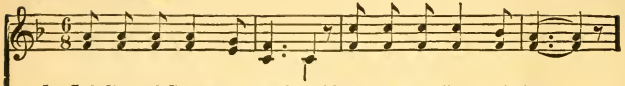
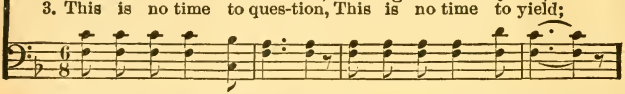
# Having done All, to Stand.

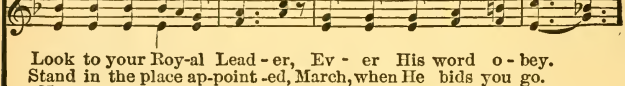
MISS. J. H. JOHNSTON. P. P. BILHORN.



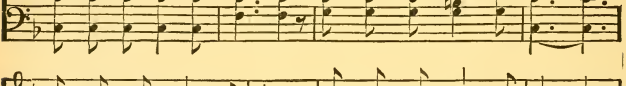
1. Sol-dier of Christ, be steadfast! This is the "e - vil day;"
2. Pa-tient and true and faith-ful, Fac-ing the dead - ly foe;
3. This is no time to ques-tion, This is no time to yield;



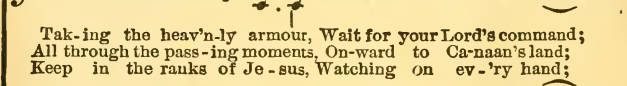
Look to your Roy-al Lead - er, Ev - er His word o - bey.
Stand in the place ap-point -ed, March, when He bids you go.
Nev-er a soul should fal - ter, Bear - ing His sword and shield.



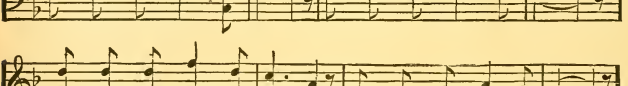
Tak-ing the heav'n-ly armour, Wait for your Lord's command;
All through the pass-ing moments, On-ward to Ca-naan's land;
Keep in the ranks of Je - sus, Watching on ev-'ry hand;



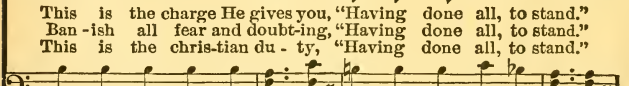
This is the charge He gives you, "Having done all, to stand."
Ban - ish all fear and doubt-ing, "Having done all, to stand."
This is the chris-tian du - ty, "Having done all, to stand."



CHORUS.



Stand, there-fore, stand, Stand, therefore, stand; Trust - ing in



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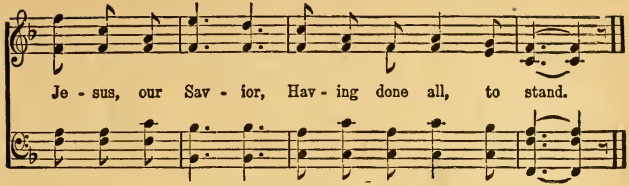
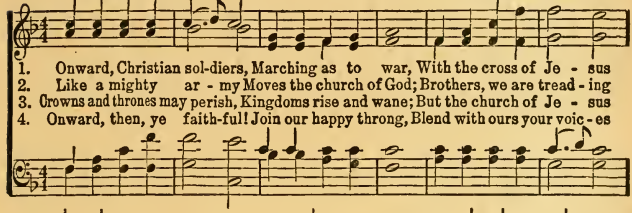
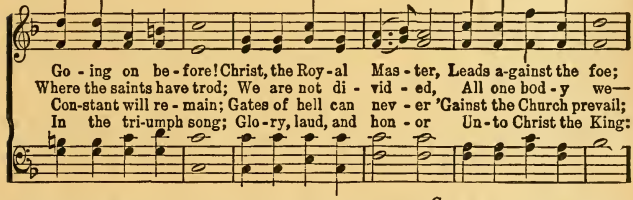
## Having Done All, to Stand.

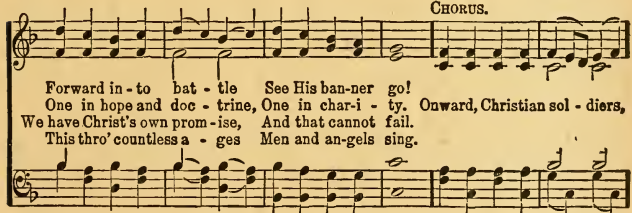


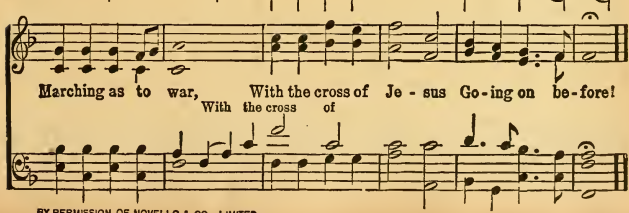

## 78 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Baring Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

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79

## Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Chrlst, our Sav-ior, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

Chorus.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

# The Land That Some Day I Shall See.

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. I am sing-ing to-day of the cross and the blood, Where my sins on the
2. And I sing of the vic-t'ry that comes to my soul, For my sins are all
3. And no long-er my Je-sus is wear-ing the thorns, Which were pressed on His

Sav-ior were laid, And in glad hal-le-lu-jas, I'm praising my God, For the
un-der the blood. As I press my way on to the heav-en-ly goal, In the
brow, cru-el-ly. For a crown of re-demp-tion His brow now a-dorns, As He

Chorus.

cross where redemption was made,
path my dear Sav-ior has trod. So all cleans-ed with-in sanc-ti-fied and made
pleads with the Fa-ther for me.

clean, Thru' the blood that was shed on the tree, Endless prais-es I'll
on the tree,

sing to my glo-ri-fied King, For redemption so full and so free.

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# When We Get Home.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. When we get home and our work is done When we get home to the
2. When we get home to the joy we shall share, Bid a fare - well to earth's
3. When we get home to the cit - y of gold, Home where the saved shall their

crown we have won; When we shall meet our Re - deem-er, God's Son, What a
troub-le and care; When we shall meet with our friends o - ver there, What a
Sav - ior be - hold; Home where our pleas-ures will nev - er grow old, What a

CHORUS.

gath'ring that will be! When we get home,.....when we get home,.....
When we get home, when we get home,

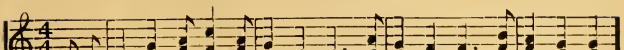
When we the King ..... in glo - ry see;..... When we get
When we the King in glo - ry see;

home,..... when we get home ..... What a gath-'ring that will be!
When we get home, when we get home

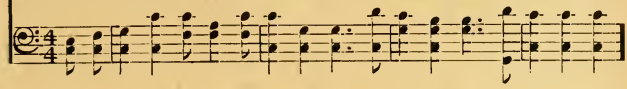
Words and music copyright, 1909, by P. P. Bilhorn.

# When Jesus Calls Me Home.

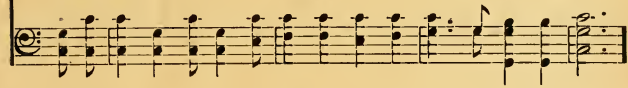
Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.



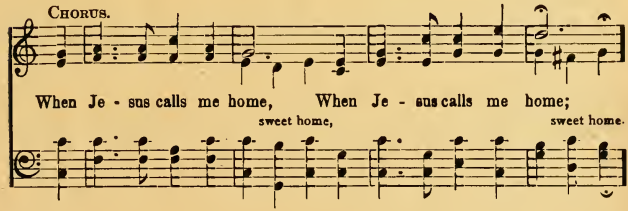
1. There'll be no dark riv-er for me to cross; For me to cross, for me to cross;
2. There'll be no dark billows for me to meet, For me to meet, for me to meet.
3. There will be a Pi-lot and bea-con light, A bea-con light, A bea-con light.
4. There'll be light and glory and bliss un-told; And bliss un-told, and bliss un-told.



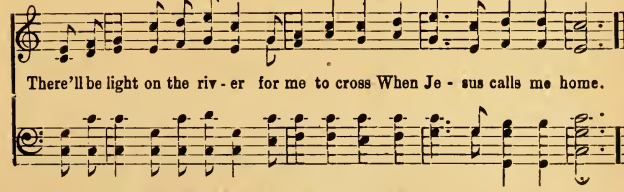
There'll be no dark riv-er for me to cross, When Je-sus calls me home.
There'll be no dark billows for me to meet, When Je-sus calls me home.
There'll will be a Pi-lot and bea-con light When Je-sus calls me home.
I shall meet my Savior his face be-hold; When Je-sus calls me home.



Chorus.



When Je-sus calls me home, When Je-sus calls me home;
sweet home, sweet home.



There'll be light on the riv-er for me to cross When Je-sus calls me home.

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# When I Walk the Streets of Gold.

P. P. B. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. I will walk the streets of glo - ry by and by, Where a - new love's
2. When I say good - by to friends I'll wing my flight, To the love-land
3. There will be a hap - py meet-ing o - ver there When my pre - cious

sto - ry will be told; There will be no sor-row there to dim the eye,
where I shall be - hold, All the dear ones who were with me in the fight,
Sav - ior I be - hold; When the beauties of the Cit - y I will share,

CHORUS.

When I walk the streets of gold.
Then I'll walk the streets of gold. When I walk the streets
When I walk the streets of gold.

of my home a - bove, Where love's sto-ry will be told, There I'll

sing my song of the one I love, When I walk the streets of gold.

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# City of Gold.

L. D. SANTEE. H. L. BROOKS.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y that lies far a-way From the earth with its bur-den of tears,..... Where the night never en-ters but shadowless day Shines
2. From the shad-ows are lift - ed our sor - row - ful eyes, To the hills where the an-gels have trod,..... And our hearts ever yearn for our home in the skies, Our
3. And there all of our sor-rows shall fade as a dream As we en - ter the coun-try of rest..... While be-fore us in heav-en - ly beauty shall gleam, The

*Parts hum if desired.*
*Melody in 2d Tenor.*

CHORUS.

on thro' e-ter - ni-ty's years.....
home in the gar - den of God..... Oh, beau - ti - ful cit - y,
Man-sions pre-pared for the blest.....

Cit - y of gold..... Oh, beau-ti-ful cit - y, Treas - ures un-
Beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold, of pure gold;

told;..... Oh, beau-ti-ful cit - y, Cit - y of gold.....
Beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold, of pure gold;

When shall I rest in that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.....
rest in that cit - y of gold.

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# When They Ring The Golden Bells.

*Moderato.* By Dion De Marbelle.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er; And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sorrow, In that ha - ven of to-morrow; When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweetly slumber; When the

on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque, shall sail beyond the sil - ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing, Of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish laden, We shall

S. Fine.

dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fathers sweet ca-ressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that lovely ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

D.S. yond the shining riv-er, Where they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Chorus. you and me.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the

D.S.

glo-ry hal - le-lu-jah Ju-bi - lee..... In that far off sweet forev - er just be -
Ju - bi-lee.

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# Beautiful City.

Rev. L. D. Santee. Frank E. Lindgren.

1. There's a ci - ty of beau - ty and splendor sub- lime, 'Tis the home of the
2. 'Tis a ci - ty that Christ has prepared for His own, And its pleasures no
3. There is nev - er a sor-row that Christ does not share, And He gathers the
4. And that ci - ty of beau - ty is wait-ing a - bove, For all those who by

pure and the blest;..... Not a shadow e'er comes with the changes of time,
tongue can ex-press;.... With great joy we shall meet with the friends we have known,
lambs to His breast;.... He will take His be- lov - ed with ten-der-est care,
fear are op - pressed;... Are in - vit-ed to come, there's a welcome and love,

Chorus.

In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of rest....
In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of rest....
To that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of rest....
In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of rest....

There's a beau - ti-ful ci-ty of

rest,.... For the wea - ry of heart and op - pressed; Where all sorrow shall

*ff* *rit.*

cease and our joy shall increase, In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of rest....

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# Longing for the Sweet By and By.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I stood all a - lone by the way - side, And gazed at the
2. The stars had more beau - ty and splen - dor Than earth with its
3. Some day, on the wings of the morn - ing, To yon - der bright
4. And when I shall reach that fair coun - try, Where sor - row shall

stars in the sky; I thought of the man - y who en - tered
wealth could sup - ply; I longed for a glimpse of the por - tals,
home I will fly; I'll en - ter the gates of that cit - y,
ne'er dim mine eye, I'll sing forth for - ev - er and praise it,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

The home in the Sweet By and By.
A home in the Sweet By and By.
And dwell in the Sweet By and By.
The home in the Sweet By and By.
} Sweet By and By,

1

Sweet By and By, O land of beau-ty, home in the sky;

2

*Rit.*

My heart is long - ing for the Sweet By and By (By and By).

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## 88 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
3. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the

morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

D. S.

yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon-der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, When the

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## 89 The Heavenly Home.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. Rev. WILLIAM McDONALD.

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.
My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.

D. S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

D. S.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,
To die no more, To die no more,

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

# When All The Saints Get Home

H. L. Frisbie. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Toil - ing a - long the King's High-way, Bear - ing the bur - den
2. Oft - times the way is rough and steep, Some - times it lies through
3. Our home, "Sweet Home," is o - ver there, Where waits for us a
4. The crim - son tide from Cal - va - ry Washed us from sin, now

*cresc.*

of the day, Plea - sures un - told will be for aye, When
sha - dows deep; For ev - ery pain we joy shall reap, When
man - sion fair; With Je - sus we shall glo - ry share, When
heirs are we: There'll be a might - y ju - bi - lee, When

CHORUS

all the saints are safe - ly home.
all the saints get safe - ly home.
all the saints get safe - ly home.
all the saints get safe - ly home.

Nev - er a heart - ache,

nev - er a sigh Nev - er a heart - break by and by;

*cresc.*

Nev - er a tear to dim the eye, When all the saints get safe - ly home.

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# I'm Going All the Way With Jesus.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Bow-ing low be - neath the bur-den of the con - flict, Leav-ing
2. When I trav - el thro' the val - ley deep with shad-ows, There will
3. Oh, the tri-umph of that hour when I be - hold Him O - ver

roses where the thorns had pierc'd His hand; O the sweetness of His touch which
be a bea-con light as clear as day; It will brighten up my journey
yon-der in the glo - ry-land so fair; Thro' the golden streets of heaven

*cres.* *f*

heal'd the helpless, As He passed a-long the road to Glo - ry - land.
on to glo-ry, All my bur-dens will in Je - sus roll a - way.
I will praise Him, And for-ev - er I shall reign with Je-sus there.

Chorus.

I'm going all the way with Je-sus, I'm going all the way with Him; Thro' the

heav'nly gates I'll shout in triumph, For I've traveled all the way with Him.

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# Tell Thy Life-Story to Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— All the temp-ta - tions to stray;
2. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Let it most ful - ly be told;
3. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— How - ev - er sin - ful it be;
4. Tell thy life - sto - ry to Je - sus— Come with re - pent-ance and tears;

*rit.*

Tell Him thy weak-ness and fail - ings, Ask Him to take them a - way.
Love that could die to re - deem thee, Nev - er can mer - cy with-hold.
He will for - get thy wrong-do - ing, Par - don He pur-chased for thee.
He will blot out thy trans-gres-sions; Joy will He give for thy fears.

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Chorus.

Tell . . . . . it to Je - sus, Tell . . . . . Him thy care,
Tell thy life-sto - ry to Je - sus, Tell Him thy troub - les and care;

*rit.*

Tell . . . . . Him thy sor - rows, Tell . . . . . Him in pray'r.
Tell Him thy bur - dens and sor - rows, Tell it to Je - sus in pray'r,

# Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Solo or Duet. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 't will be,
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see, to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see,

*rit.*

face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

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# Go With Me There.

INA DULEY OGDON. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. I want to go to heav-en when my work is done, When I shall cross the
2. I want my Savior's hand to wipe my tears a - way; I want to see His
3. I want to see the an-gels' choir and hear them sing; I want to see the
4. I want to see my loved ones who have gone be-fore; I want to dwell with

riv - er at the set - ting sun; I know my Sav-ior waits for me in
bless-ed face up - on that day; In faith - ful serv-ice here and now I
harps of gold and hear them ring; I want to see the saints of God with
Je - sus on that gold - en shore; I want to see the crown of life that

CHORUS.

heav'n so fair; O, will you not go with me there?
must pre-pare; O, will you not go with me there? O, will you not go with me
Him so fair; O, will you not go with me there?
I shall wear; O, will you not go with me there?

there? O, will you not go with me there? My hap - py home in
o - ver there? O, o - ver there? My

heav - en with you I will share, O, will you not go with me there?

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# Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

*Moderato.*

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor - rows He bore, But He suf - fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter can - not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring - ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus to that Fount-ain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - er than the snow;.....
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;

*rit.*

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow.

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# Glory for You and Me.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Some day when my toil-ing and tri-als are o'er, Some day when my
2. Some day in the fu-ture, it will not be long, Some day with the
3. Some day, Oh, what rap-ture I then shall be-hold, Some day when the
4. Some day in His pres-ence a crown I shall wear, Some day match-less

wea-ry feet rest on the shore, Some day when the King in His
loved ones, I'll sing the new song; Some day when the face of my
sto-ry a-new shall be told; Some day when my soul from its
beau-ty and grand-eur I'll share; Some day with the ransomed trans-

beau-ty I see, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
Lord I shall see, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
bond-age is free, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.
formed I shall be, That will be glo-ry, yes, glo-ry for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, There will be
you and me, you and me,

*f*

glo-ry in heav-en for me; Glo-ry for me,
you and me; you and me.

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## Glory for You and for Me.

*rit.* *cres.* *rit.*

Glo - ry for me. Won - der - ful glo - ry, in heav-en for me.

*f*

## 97 Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore The mel-o - di-ous songs of the blest;
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our tri-bute of praise

For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
For the Glo - ri - ous gift of His love And the blessings that hal - low our days.

Chorus.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore;
I be - lieve Je - sus saves And His blood washes whiter than snow;

In the sweet by and by beau-ti-ful shore.
I be-lieve Je-sus saves whiter than snow;

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
I be - lieve Je - sus saves And His blood washes whiter than snow.

In the sweet by and by
I be-lieve Je-sus saves

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# Who Will Be the Next.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Who will be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who will now o - bey?
2. Who will be the next to speak for Je - sus? By this good-ness stirred,
3. Who will be the next to work for Je - sus? Join His ran-somed band,
4. Who will be the next to live for Je - sus? Com - ing at His call,

dy - ing love re - pay? Who will be the next to heed His plead - ing,
speak a lov - ing word; Who will help to spread a-broad His mes - sage,
lend a will - ing hand; Who will speed the com - ing of His king - dom,
at His feet to fall; Who will leave the world to fol - low Je - sus,

REFRAIN.

Who will come to Christ to - day?
Un - til ev - 'ry soul has heard? Shall it not be you?
Who will move at His com - mand?
Who will make Him all in all?

Shall it not be you? Great the har - vest, la - bor - ers are few,

Who will be the next to { fol - low / speak for / work for / live for } Je - sus, Broth-er shall it not be you?

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# Where Jesus Leads I'll Follow.

C. B. G. C. B. GOULD.

1. Where He may lead me glad-ly I'll fol - low, In - to the sun - shine,
2. I will go with Him in - to the mount-ain, Nev - er will doubt, but
3. Tho' He may lead me down thro' the val - ley, I will not fal - ter,

in - to the shade; I will press on - ward prais-ing His good - ness,
al - ways be - lieve; Fol-low His foot - prints to Cal-v'ry's fount-ain,
nor hes - i - tate; His hand is lead - ing on-ward to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

All of my cares on Je - sus are laid.
Bathe in His love all fears to re - lieve. Where He may lead me
Some hap-py time I'll reach heav-en's gate.

glad-ly I'll fol-low, Fol-low Him close-ly day aft - er day; In - to the

gar - den, or thro' the judg-ment, Je-sus I'll fol - low all the way.

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# Who Can It Be?

P. P. B.

PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. There's Some-one who knows when the waves roll high, There's Some-one who knows it all;
2. There's Some-one who knows when we are op-pressed, There's Some-one who knows it all;
3. There's Some-one who knows when we go astray. There's Some-one who knows it all;
4. There's Some-one who loves us and seeks to save, There's Some-one who loves us all;

There's Some-one who knows ev-'ry bit - ter sigh, There's Some-one who knows it all.
There's Some-one who knows when we are distressed, There's Some-one who knows it all.
There's Some-one who knows when we kneel to pray, There's Some-one who knows it all.
There's Some-one who loves us, His life He gave, There's Some-one who loves us all.

CHORUS.

*f*

Who, who, who can it be? Who can it be but Je - sus?
Who, I am won-der-ing, Je-sus, my Je-sus?

*f* *f* *f*

Who, who, who can it be? No - bod - y else but Je - sus.
Who, I am won-der-ing.

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# I Wonder Why He Died for Me.

H. L. Frisbie. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I am sure that I shall know Him, by His wound-ed feet and hands,
2. I shall know Him by the im-print of the thorn-y crown He wore,
3. I shall know Him by His glo-ry, by His maj-es-ty and grace,

For I'll see Him when I reach the Crys-tal Sea, I shall know Him
And the cru-el scars of scourg-ing I shall see, As I hear the
Saints and An-gels gath-ered round Him I shall see, Tho' un-wor-thy,

*cres.* *f* *rit.*

by the spear-wound, as be-side the throne I stand, And I'll won-der why He
words of welcome, giv-en me whose sins He bore I shall won-der why He
He'll re-ceive me and will give to me a place, As I won-der why He

Chorus. *Joyfully.*

*ff*

died for me. It was love, O, wondrous love, It was love, O,

*f* *ff* *rit.* *Repeat pp.*

match-less love, It was love, O, boundless love That He should die for me.

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# I Know He is Mine.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. My heart was not right In my dear Savior's sight, I knew not the
2. My soul was dis - trest, With its sor-row oppressed, Till Je - sus my
3. I walk in the light Of His pres-ence so bright, His love makes my
4. And there ev - er - more I'll my Sav - ior a - dore, Give praise to His

peace all sub-lime; I came to His side, And His blood was applied,
Sav - ior I found, But now He's my theme, While His word keeps me clean,
heav - en be - low, I'll sing of His grace Till I see His dear face,
pow - er di - vine, I'll fall at His feet And the sto - ry re - peat,

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I know He is mine!
Hal - le - lu - jah, His grace doth abound! I know..... He is
With the dear ones washed whiter than snow. Je-sus is mine,
Hal - le - lu - jah, I know He is mine!

mine,..... Yes, I know..... He is mine..... I'll
yes He is mine, Je-sus is mine, yes He is mine,

doubt..... Him no lon - - ger, I know..... He is mine.
doubt Him no more, doubt Him no longer, I know the dear Sav-ior is mine.

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# Jesus, Thou my Only Refuge.

Rev. Ford C. Ottman. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Je - sus, Thou my on - ly Ref - uge; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me:
2. Words and tho'ts and best endeav - or, These for sin could not a - tone;
3. Earn - est - ly I plead for mer - cy, Foul, I to the fountain fly;
4. In Thy presence safely hide me; While I draw this fleet-ing breath;
5. Then, for-ev - er-more, dear Sav - ior, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

As the storm-clouds 'round me gath-er, Let me hide myself in Thee, (my-self in Thee).
From the sea now raging 'round me, Thou canst save and Thou a-lone, (and Thou a-lone).
In the blood shed for re - demption, Wash me, Savior, or I die, (or I die).
To the heav'nly mansions guide me When mine eyes shall close in death, (shall close in death).
Saved from death and sin and sor - row, Let me hide myself in Thee, (my-self in Thee).

Chorus.

Hide me, hide me, hide me, Oh, my Sav-ior, hide me; While the

*cres,* *f* *rit,*

storm-y bil - lows roll, Thou the Ref-uge of my soul, (of my soul).

Words and Music Copyright, 1906, by P. P. Bilhorn.

# What Will You Do With Jesus?

Words arr. by P. P. Bilhorn. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. Je - sus is stand-ing in Pi - late's hall, Friendless, for-sak-en, be-
2. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried, Or will you choose Him what-
3. Je - sus is stand-ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him
4. Will you not come to Him while you may, Bid-ding Him en - ter your

trayed by all; Loud comes the ques - tion, to you the call,—
e'er be - tide? Vain - ly you strug - gle from Him to hide,
if you will, You can be faith - ful thro' good or ill,
heart to - day, Or will you turn from Him now a - way?

Chorus.

What will you do with Je - sus? What will you do with

Je - sus, Je - sus of Cal - va - ry? Will you ac-cept, or re-

*f* *rit. ad lib.* 1 2 *rit.*

ject Him? What shall your an - swer be? be? (what shall it be?)

MUSIC, FOURTH VERSE, CHORUS AND ARR. OF WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY P. P. BILHORN.

# Why Not Say Yes to Jesus Now?

G. W. S. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Come, un - to me, thou wea - ry one, And I will give thee rest;
2. Come, lay thy wea - ry bur-den down; Cast all thy sins on Me;
3. Down from My Father's home a-bove, I came to seek His child;
4. Haste, for the night of Death draws nigh, Oh dark Geth-sem-a - nee!
5. Ho, ev-'ry one that thirsteth, come! Come who-so - ev - er will;

Tho' guilt-y, lost, and all un-done, In Me thou shalt be blest.
My spot - less robe, My radi-ant crown, I free - ly give to thee.
His yearning heart, His quenchless love, Bid thee be rec - on - ciled.
My death were vain, if thou should'st die; Then let me live in thee.
Thy Father's heart and heav'n have room, He calls, He loves thee still.

Chorus.

Why not say yes to Je - sus now? Say it now, say it now,

Why not say yes to Je - sus now? Say yes to Je - sus now.

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# I Want Everybody to Know.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.
From C. H.

P. P. Bilhorn.

1. I have such a won - der - ful Sav - ior To help me wher-
2. He helps me o'er-come all temp - ta - tion, And makes me with
3. He cheers me if I am in sor - row, He press - es me
4. He hearkens to hum - ble con - fess - ing, And ev - er His

ev - er I go, I have to keep tell-ing His good-ness,
glad-ness o'er - flow; He brings me a bless-ed sal - va - tion
close to His heart, And tells of that brighter to - mor - row,
mer - cy doth show; He crown-eth my life with His bless - ing,

Chorus.

For I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
That I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
Where troubles shall never have part.
And I want ev-'ry-bod - y to know.
} I want ev-'ry - bod - y to

know Of Je - sus who lov - eth me so! My time I will

give as long as I live To help ev-'ry - bod - y to know.

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# Step In Anywhere.

During one of the great battles of the Civil War, a recruit, who had lost his company in the strife, approached General Sheridan and timidly asked where he should "step in."
"Step in!" thundered Sheridan, in a voice that frightened the already terrified recruit. "Step in anywhere; there's fighting all along the line."

Words and Music Copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Would you be a sol-dier in the ar-my of the Lord, Fighting for his
2. Would you be a sol-dier? Reck-on not too high the cost, Foes will be be-
3. Would you be a sol-dier? There is room for young or old; Will you vol-un-
4. Would you be a sol-dier in a cause that can-not fail, Fac-ing ev-'ry

king-dom and e-ter-ni-ty's re-ward? Gird ye on the ar-mor, take the
fore you and the path by dan-ger crossed; Fal-ter not for dan-ger, he who
teer for serv-ice, ev-er true and bold? We shall win a tri-umph great-er
hard-ship with a faith that will not quail, Knowing for 'tis promised, that the

CHORUS.

Spir-it's might-y sword, And step in a-ny-where.
hes-i-tates is lost, Just step in a-ny-where. Step in a-ny-where;
than has yet been told, Then step in a-ny-where.
faith-ful shall pre-vail? Then step in a-ny-where.

*cres.*

step in a-ny-where There's fighting all a-long the line, a-long the line, For

soldiers brave and true, there is fighting now to do, Then step in a-ny-where.

# Mine The Crown And Kingdom.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Mine the Crown and Kingdom is; Christ is mine and I am His;
2. Joy ce - les - tial for me waits Just in - side the pearl - y gates,
3. Praise Him for the lift - ed load, For His guidance on the road;
4. Here on earth is heav'n be - gun Through the love of Christ, the Son.

King - ly is my soul's es - tate; An - gel guards a - bout me wait.
And my Lord from day to - day Scat - ters joy a - long the way.
Lift your hearts, O com-rades true, Tell what Christ has done for you.
Those who know His match-less grace By and by shall see His face.

CHORUS.

Joy - ful - ly I take my place I'm a pil - grim of His grace.

*rit.*

Crown and Kingdom shall be mine Through my Sav-ior's pow'r di - vine.

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# Some Glad Sweet Day.

A. J. Summers. Solo or Duet. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Some glad sweet day, the Master's voice will call me, To lay a - side this
2. Some glad sweet day, the feet that have grown wea-ry, In trav-eling thro' this
3. Take courage, soul, nor ev - er fear nor fal - ter, Thy Saviour will sup-

life of toil and care;.... On joy - ful wing I'll mount to realms of glo - ry—
lone-ly vale of tears,... Will find re-pose beyond this land of shad - ows....
ply a - bun-dant grace;... In that bright home where all is joy and glad - ness,...

CHORUS.

And meet my bless-ed Sav-iour in the air.....
And per-fect rest thro' all the pass-ing years.. Some glad sweet day, the
There we shall meet the Sav - iour face to face....

journey will be end - ed, And we shall see.... Him face to face;... Around the

throne with voic-es sweet-ly blend-ing, We'll sing the rich-es of His grace.

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# Room In the Heart of Jesus.

MARTHA S. CLINGAN. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, Room and wel - come for ev - 'ry child; There is friend-ship and grace un - fail - ing, And a re - fuge from temp - est wild.
2. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, Come, find par - don, with joy un - told; Find His peace, like a riv - er flow - ing, Wondrous love, joy and peace fore-told. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, There is room in His heart so true. He is call - ing for you, O, so ten - der - ly, There is room in His heart for you.
3. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, There's a door that is o - pened wide; Hear His voice, He in love is call - ing, To the lone - ly and sad out - side.

CHORUS.

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# Nobody Knows but Jesus.

R. M. Offord. J. J. Lowe

1. No - bod - y knows the burdens I bear, No-bod-y knows but Je - sus,
2. No - bod - y knows the trouble I see, No-bod-y knows but Je - sus,
3. No - bod - y knows how tempted I am, No-bod-y knows but Je - sus,
4. No - bod - y knows the sorrow I feel, No-bod-y knows but Je - sus,
5. Help me to sing His mercy and grace, Help me to sing of Je - sus,

No-bod - y helps me to car-ry my cares, Nobody helps like Je - sus.
Won-der-ful com-fort is Christ to me, Nobody helps like Je - sus.
He can de - liv - er blest be His name, Mighty to save is Je - sus.
Grief can - not be that He can - not heal, Nobody soother like Je - sus.
Soon shall we meet be-fore His dear face, Soon shall we meet with Je - sus.

Chorus.

Oh, I tell Him all my grief, Tell it all to Je - sus,

He doth give me sweet re - lief, Je - sus bless-ed Je - sus.

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# I Love My Sheep.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Out upon the mountain straying, one lone sheep was lost, It had wan-dered
2. Tar - ry here, O Shep-herd weary, for the night is cold; There are nine-ty-
3. And the Shepherd found the missing, bro't it safely home, Poor and weak and

from the Shepherd, knowing not the cost; When the Shepherd found it miss-ing
nine in safe-ty shel-tered in the fold: But the Shepherd did not lin - ger,
sick and helpless, could not further roam: So He ev - er seeks His children,

*cres.* *ff*

from the fold a-stray, Quick - ly to its res-cue springing went He on His way.
for He loved His sheep; Thro' the lonely night He sought them, climbing mountains steep.
who have gone a-stray. And His heart of love is yearning for the one a - way.

CHORUS.

I love My sheep, I love My sheep, The gen - tle Shep-herd said,... And

*cres.*

tho' they often stray away, for them My blood I shed..... I love My sheep, I

1 2 *rit.*

*p*

love My sheep, I seek the one a - stray,.... I seek the one a - stray....

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# Since the Comforter is Mine.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I can sing the wondrous sto - ry, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
2. Now I claim a full sal - va - tion, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
3. All my task and toil is light - er, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;
4. All the clouds have sil-ver lin - ing, Since the Com - fort-er is mine;

I can tell of Je - sus' glo - ry, Of His grace and love di-vine.
Jus - ti - fied from con-dem-na-tion, Thro' His grace and pow'r di-vine.
And the way keeps growing brighter, Walking in the light di-vine.
And His love, the storm out-shin-ing, Bears me on to realms sub-lime.

CHORUS.

Since the Com - - - fort-er is mine,..... Since the
Since that He is mine, The Com-fort-er di-vine, I have

Com - - - fort-er is mine,..... There is peace within my heart,
peace and joy sublime, Since that He is mine,

For He bids all sin de-part, Since the blessed Comforter is mine.

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# The Banner of the Cross.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard be dis - played; And be - neath its folds as sol - diers of the Lord,
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is hast - 'ning day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS.

While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis - mayed! March-ing on! march-ing on on!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway.

on! For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss; And to crown Him King, we'll toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.
on! on! ev - 'ry-thing but loss: Be - neath

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# Soldiers in the Army.

Words and Music Copyright, 1905, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Rev. J. McPhail. M. L. McPhail.

1. Sol - diers in the ar - my Of the Lord, our King, Help a-long the triumph,
2. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Led by Christ, the Lord, On to cer-tain conquest
3. Sol - diers in the ar - my, To the cause be true, In this day of bat - tle,
4. Sol - diers in the ar - my, Nev - er leave your post, Till the Cap-tain bids you

All your forc-es bring; Move in sol - id col - umn, Strike the pow'r of sin;
On to great re-ward; Raise a - loft the ban - ner, That the world may know
There is much to do; God will crown with hon-or, Ev - 'ry roy - al heart;
Join the ransom'd host; Then with shouts of tri-umph To their ranks as-cend,

Chorus.

Strong, u - ni - ted ef - fort, Shall the vic-t'ry win.
We are bound to con-quer, And sub-due the foe. Sol - diers in the
Ral - ly, sol-diers, ral - ly, Do a no - ble part.
Swell with them the cho-rus, That shall nev-er end. Sol-diers in the ar - my,

ar - my, Strike with all your might, Strike with all your might; In
soldiers in the ar - my, In the name of

*rit.*

the name of Je - sus, Strike, and put the foe to flight.
Je - sus, In the name of Je - sus, to flight.

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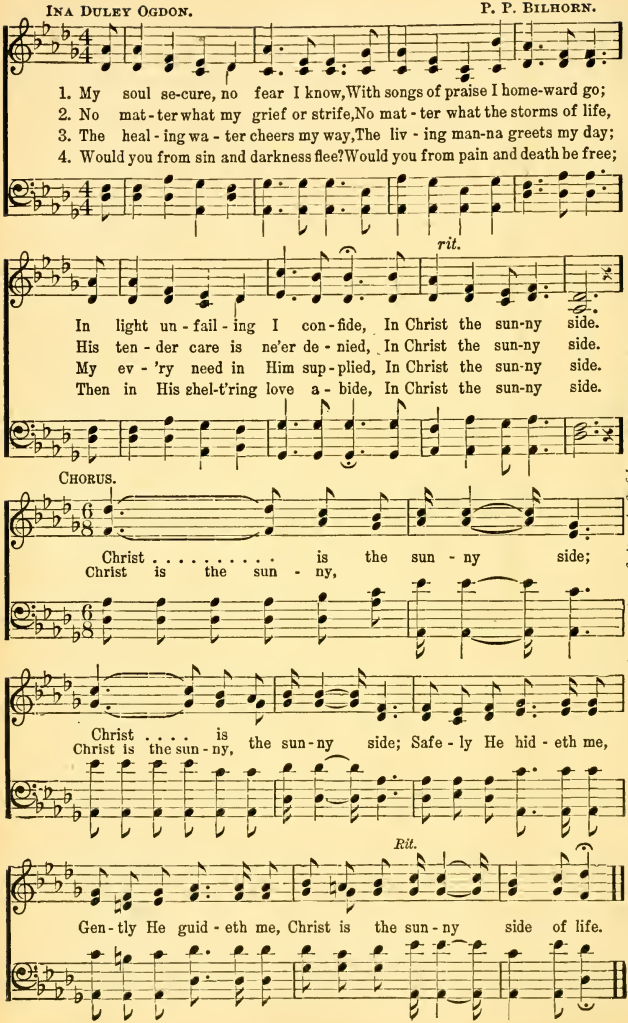
# Christ Is the Sunny Side.

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# The End of the Journey is Near.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Has the journey been long? Has the val - ley been dark? Was the
2. 'Tis the riv - er that flows thro' the cit - y of gold, And the
3. You shall rest at the feet of the Shepherd at last, With a

des - ert so bar-ren and drear? You shall rest safe be - side the still
gate stands a - jar at the shore; By the wa - ters of life you shall
rap-ture by mor-tals un - known; You were lost but are found, and the

wa - ters, for, hark! 'Tis the sound of the riv - er I hear.
rest in the fold, In those pas - tures to hun - ger no more.
dan - ger is past, For the Shep-herd will shel - ter His own.

REFRAIN. *p* *m* *Cres.*

Murmuring low, sweetly and low, The sound of the river I hear (I hear);

*Final ending if desired.*

*m* *p* *Rit. pp*

Murmuring low, sweetly and low, The end of the journey is near. murmuring low.

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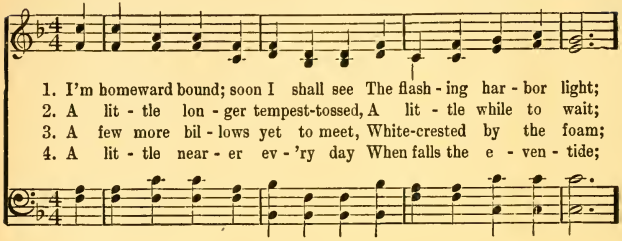
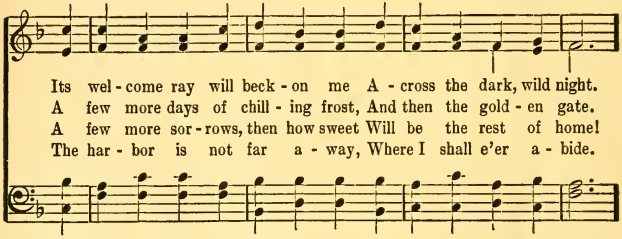
# Homeward Bound.

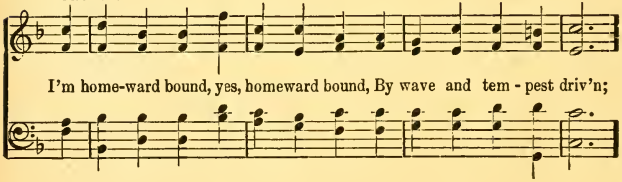
*Written for and dedicated to my old friend and brother in the Lord, Rev. W. H. Claggett, D.D.*

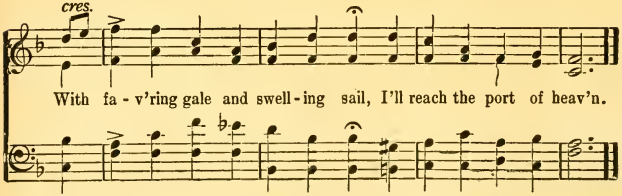
BILHORN. PETER P. BILHORN.




CHORUS.

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# The Hero of the Cross.

JAMES ROWE. P. P. BILHORN.

1. With our ban - ners wav - ing proud - ly in the light, Hearts with cour-age beat - ing, ar - mor shin - ing bright, We are march - ing on - ward— go - ing forth to fight For the He - ro of the cross.
2. Foes will fail to harm us, Je - sus is our shield; Tho' be long the bat - tle, we shall nev - er yield; Strong in faith and cour - age, we will take the field For the He - ro of the cross.
3. Brave - ly we will bat - tle, that our souls may share In the fade-less glo - ry, crowns e - ter - nal wear, And thro' end - less a - ges, in His pres - ence fair, Praise the He - ro of the cross.

CHORUS

On to glo - ry! on to glo - ry! We shall nev - er suf - fer loss, We will fight, fight, fight, till death, with all our might, For the He-ro of the cross.

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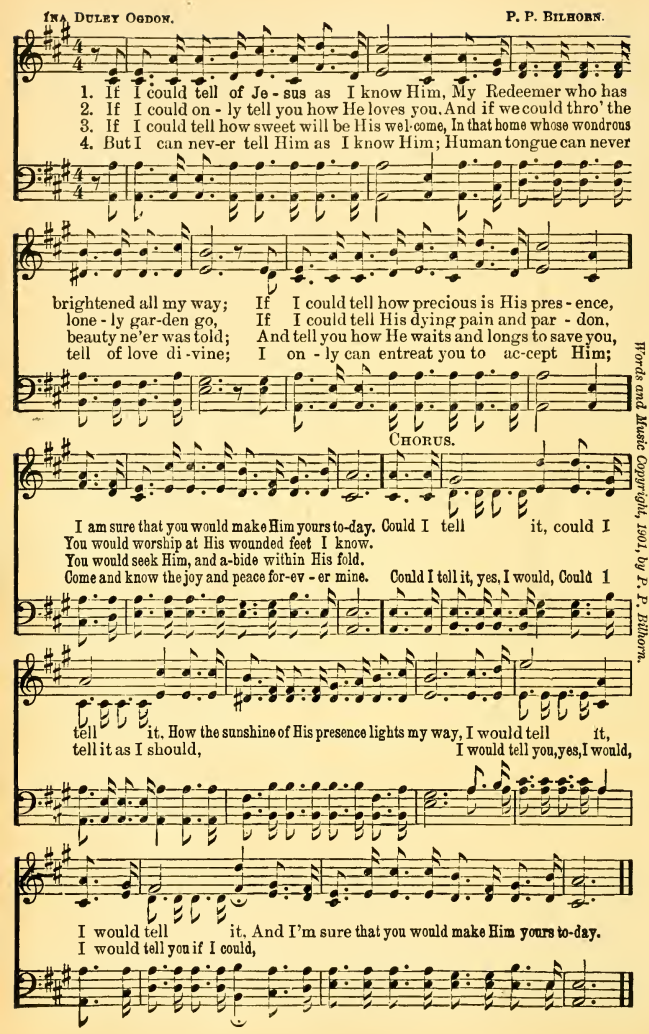
# Could I Tell It.

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# Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Living gems at His

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

Chorus.

be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billows rolls.
be a-ny stars in my crown.
} Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,

When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the blest goeth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?..... a-ny stars in my crown?

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# No Night There.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In "the cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "that cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS. *mf*

God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

*f* *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . there."

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# Mother, Bible and Home

## 123 Mother, Childhood and Home.

BILHORN — PETER P. BILHORN

Duet & Quartet

1. In my mem o - ry there lin - gers, Tho'ts of moth - er, child - hood, home,
2. On her lap she holds the bi - ble, While her hands are clasp'd in pray'r,
3. On the floor I sit be - side her, While the fire is burn - ing low,
4. With her trem - bling hand up - on me, Moth - er breathes a fer - vent pray'r,
5. As the burn - ing em - bers dark - en, God looks down up - on His own,

And I plain - ly see her sit - ting, At the fire - side all a - lone
And the gold - en burn - ing em - bers, Throw a ha - lo o'er her hair.
And I hear her faint - ly whis - per, It was best that he should go.
Guard my child be - reft of fa - ther, Keep him Lord with - in thy care.
In the qui - et eve - ning shad - ows, Bless - es moth - er, child - hood, home.

CHORUS

Moth - er, moth - er mem - o - ries lin - ger of you.

*rit.*

Moth - er, dear moth - er, sweet mem - o - ries lin - ger of you.

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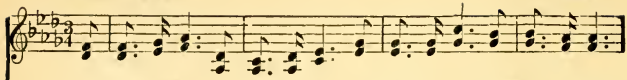
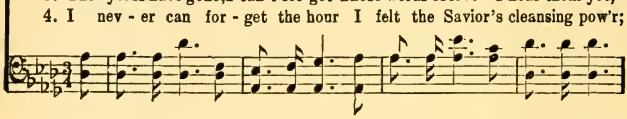
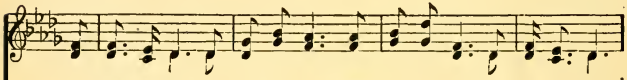
# My Mother's Pray'r.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

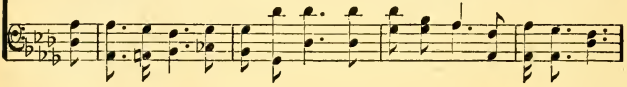


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my mother kind - ly say:
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for-get Those words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing pow'r;

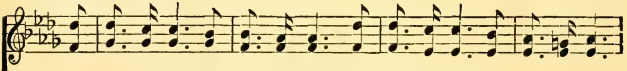




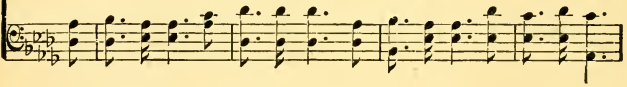
"You're leaving now my ten - der care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in humble pray'r.
My sins and guilt He cancelled there; 'Twas there He answered mother's pray'r.

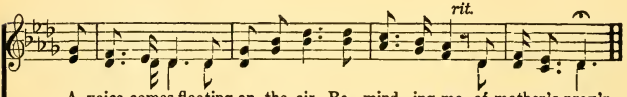


Chorus.

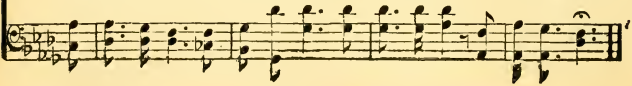


When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her gen - tle spir - it near;
*Last V.*-Oh, praise the Lord for sav-ing grace; We'll meet up yon-der face to face;






A voice comes floating on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.



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# 125 "How Long Since You Wrote to Mother?"

J. W. Burgess. Suggested by the Motto in the Pacific Garden Mission. P. P. Bilhorn.

*Moderato.*

1. How long since you wrote to your mother, Way down in the old childhood home?
2. How long since you wrote to your mother, Thro' many long nights she has pray'd,
3. How long since you wrote to your mother? How long since you left her dear side?
4. How long since you wrote to your mother? O list - en just now to the plea,

She wept when you left her so lone - ly, Out in-to this wide world to roam.
That God in His mercy would spare you, Tho' far from the right you have stray'd.
Where all thro' your childhood she watched you, Her joy, and her comfort and pride.
And of - fer to Je-sus, your Sav-ior, The pray'r that you learned at her knee.

Chorus.

How long since you wrote to your mother, Way down in the old childhood home?

Oh, write her a let - ter, my broth-er, And tell her you have ceased to roam.

Words and music copyright, 1909, by P. P. Bilhorn.

# One Night As I Lay Dreaming.

BILHORN — P. P. BILHORN.

1. One night as I lay dreaming Of the days now past and gone, My tho'ts ran back to
2. Though I was on-ly dreaming, Her sweet voice I heard in song, And then I saw her
3. When I awoke from dreaming, Scenes of old seem'd strange and new; My heart grew warm and

child-hood, To a qui-et coun-try home. 'Mid years of care-less wan-d'ring I had
kneel-ing For her boy that had gone wrong; A pray'r of love a-scend-ed To the
ten-der To my moth-er fond and true; Tho' her sweet voice has vanish'd, And her

sought my home once more: There I heard my mother singing Strains of songs she sang before
throne of love and light: Then her voice with music blended Jesus guide my boy tonight
pray'rs as-cend no more, I can hear the songs re-peated Songs she sang to me of yore

1st V. Ref. — H. R. PALMER.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you; Com-fort, streng-then and keep you; He is wil-ling to

2d V. Ref. — J. E. GOULD.

aid you, He will carry you thro'. Je-sus, Savior, pi-lot me O-ver life's tempestuous sea!

3d V. Ref — THOS. HASTINGS.

Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

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# My Name in Mother's Prayer.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. 'Twas in the days of care-less youth, when life was fair and bright, And ne'er a
2. I thought but lit - tle of it then, tho' rev'rence touched my heart, To her whose
3. I wandered on, and heeded not God's oft re-peat - ed call To turn from
4. That pleading heart, that soul so tried, has gone in-to her rest, But still with

tear, and scarce a fear o'er cast my day and night, As in the qui - et
love sought from a-bove for me the bet - ter part; But when life's sterner
sin, to live for Him, and trust to Him my all; But when at last, con-
me for aye shall be the mem'ry of her trust, And when I cross the

e - ven-tide, I passed her kneeling there, That just one word, my name, I heard
battles came with many a sub-tle snare, Oft that one word, in thought I heard
vinced of sin, I sank in deep de-spair, My hope a-woke, when mem'ry spoke
Jordan's tide, and meet her over there, We'll praise the Lord, who blessed the word,

*rit.* CHORUS.

my name in mother's pray'r. My name in mother's pray'r, My name in mother's

*ad lib. rall.*

pray'r, That just one word, my name I heard, I heard my name in mother's pray'r.

My name

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# Shall I Meet my Sainted Mother?

GEORGE THOMPSON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Shall I meet my saint-ed mother, In her home beyond the skies?
2. When the bells of heav-en ringing, Wake the angel's song a - gain,
3. All the years of sin and sorrow, That I've suff'er'd since she died,

Will I see the love-light beaming, From her tender lov - ing eyes?
For the wan - der-er re - turn-ing From the paths of sin and pain,
Will be van-ish'd on that morrow, When I stand by mother's side,

*Rit.*

Will she know me when I meet her, For I'm changed so sad-ly now?
Will my mother there be wait-ing, Waiting with her look so mild?
Stand with her before the Sav-ior, There a-mong the hap - py throng,

Will she see her fair-haired darling In this old and wrinkled brow?
Will she press me to her bo-som, As she did when but a child?
Join-ing in the heav'n-ly rapture Of the glad re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

Yes I'll meet my sainted mother in the mansions bright and fair.

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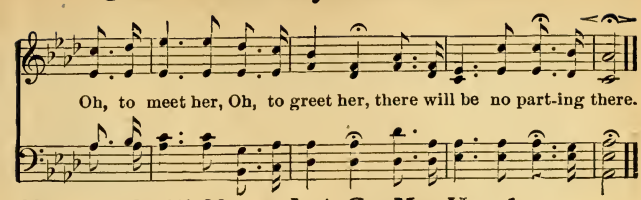
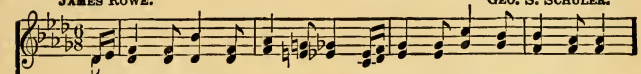
## Shall I meet my Sainted Mother?

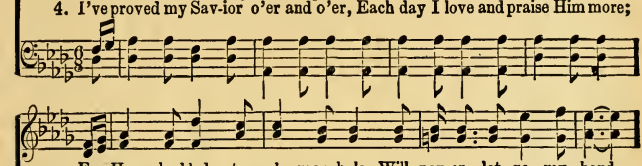



## 129 He'll Never Let Go My Hand.

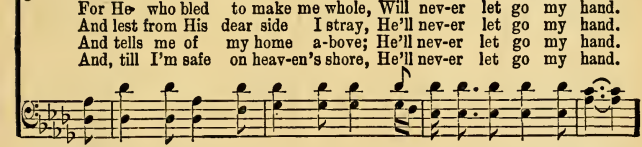
JAMES ROWE. GEO. S. SCHULER.



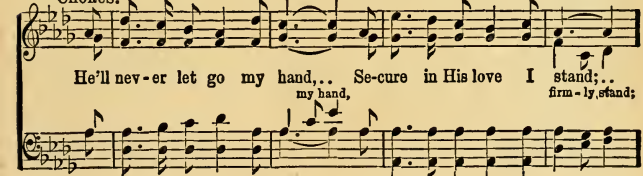
1. Dark clouds may often hide the goal, But fear will nev-er sway my soul;
2. He loves my soul, and knows the way, And my great need of Him each day;
3. That I to Him may faithful prove, He o-ver-flows my soul with love,
4. I've proved my Sav-ior o'er and o'er, Each day I love and praise Him more;

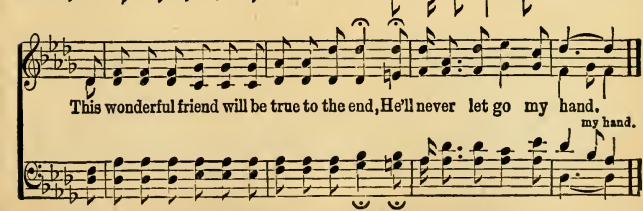


For He who bled to make me whole, Will nev-er let go my hand.
And lest from His dear side I stray, He'll nev-er let go my hand.
And tells me of my home a-bove; He'll nev-er let go my hand.
And, till I'm safe on heav-en's shore, He'll nev-er let go my hand.



CHORUS.

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# Father and Mother.

BILHORN

P P BILHORN

*p* DUET: Alto & Tenor

1. Fa-ther and Moth-er pray-ing, Long-ing for you now stray-ing,
2. Fa-ther and Moth-er wait-ing, Naught of their love a-bat-ing,
3. Fa-ther and Moth-er yearn-ing, While you their love are spurn-ing,
4. Come and re-lieve their sor-row, Wait not un-til to-mor-row,

Turn and their voice o-bey-ing, Pro-di-gal child come home.
Why lon-ger va-cil-lat-ing, Pro-di-gal child come home.
Why from their wel-come turn-ing, Pro-di-gal child come home.
Why fur-ther trou-ble bor-row, Pro-di-gal child come home.

*mf* CHORUS.

Do you not hear them call-ing, Sweet-ly the ac-cent fall-ing,

*rit.*

Why not their love ex-alt-ing? Pro-di-gal child come home O,

Do you not hear them plead-ing, For you now in-ter-ced-ing,

*dim.* *p rit.*

For you their hearts are bleed-ing, Pro-di-gal child come home.

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# God Give Us Homes.

Suggested in a sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Jno. R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

*Slowly, with expression.*

1. God give us homes! Homes where the Bi - ble is
2. God give us homes! Homes with the Fa - ther in
3. God give us homes! Homes where the moth - er is
4. God give us homes! Homes where are chil - dren to
5. God give us homes! Lights in a world that is

hon-ored and taught; Homes with the Spir - it of Christ in their thought;
priest-like em - ploy; Homes that are bright with a far-reach - ing joy;
queen-like in love; Ruled in the fear of the Sav - iour a - bove;
bright-en the hours; Bud-ding and bloom-ing like beau - ti - ful flow'rs;
flood - ed with night; Day-beams to ban - ish sin's chill and its blight;

Homes that a like-ness to heav - en have caught. God give us homes!
Homes where no world-stain shall come to an - noy. God give us homes!
Homes that to youth most in - spir - ing shall prove. God give us homes!
Plac - es of sun-shine, sweet, sanc-ti - fied bow'rs. God give us homes!
Pledge of a morn-ing when wrong turns to right. God give us homes!

Chorus. *After last verse only,*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, A like-ness to heav-en, God give us such homes!

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# Never Give Up!

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee, What tho' thy life may be drear?
3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing,—There is a mor - row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing,—Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

Grace for the du - ties be - fore thee Ask of thy God, and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright - est; Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright - ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re-ceive thy re - ward.

CHORUS.

Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,.....
Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, nev - er give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je-sus will bid them de - part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

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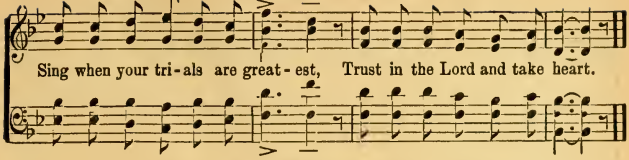
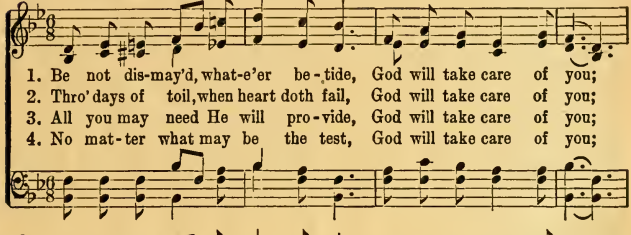
## Never Give Up.

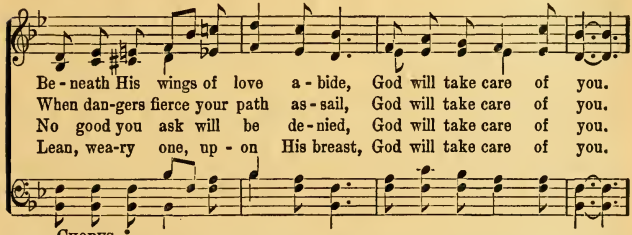



## 133 God Will Take Care of You.

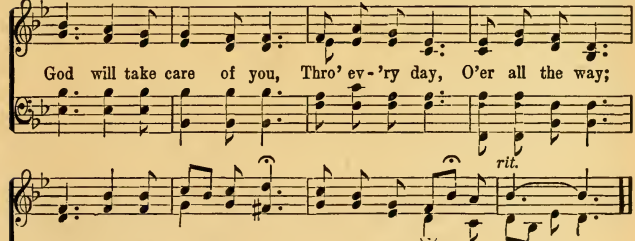
Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

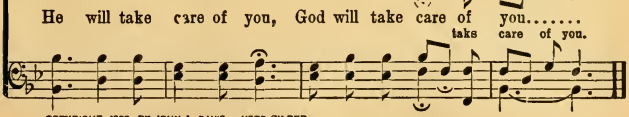
C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.




CHORUS.

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# In My Heart A Song Is Swelling.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. In my heart a song is swelling like a migh - ty sea; 'Tis a song of love to
2. Dai- ly holding sweet communion with the King of Love; He is now in glo - ry
3. I have left behind the shadows once so dark and cold; And the mists that hid my

Je - sus for his love to me; Of his grace and lov-ing kindness all my
seat-ed on the throne a - bove; 'Tis his love that keeps me singing as I
pathway far a - way have rolled; Of the joy that waits me yon-der half has

REFRAIN.

song shall be, As I journey on the highroad home to glo - ry.
on - ward move; As I journey on the highroad home to glo - ry. In my
not been told; As I journey on the highroad home to glo - ry.

heart,.... In my heart,.... In my heart a song of love is swell-ing; In my
In my heart, In my heart.

heart,.... In my heart,... as I journey on the highroad home to glo - ry.
In my heart, In my heart,

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

# 135 Jesus Keeps My Heart Singing.

CHARLES MORTON. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Since I knew God's pow'r to save, Since I found His love for-gave, Since I came-in-to the new and liv-ing way;.... Since I found my bless-ed Lord,
2. While I live my Lord to bless, While I His dear name con-fess, While I work and while I watch and while I pray;.... While I lift loves ban-ner high,
3. When be-set by Satan's pow'r, When the storm-clouds round me low'r, When a- lone with God I walk the nar-row way;.... All His prom-is-es are mine,

FINE.

And o-bey His precious word, Je-sus keeps my heart singing all the day.....
Help the weary pass-er-by, Je-sus keeps my heart singing all the day.....
I am saved by grace di-vine, Je-sus keeps my heart singing all the day.....

D. S.—*keeps my heart singing all the day.....*

CHORUS.

Jesus keeps my heart singing all the day (all the day), Jesus keeps my heart singing all the day (all the day), He is ev-er by my side, He will ev-'ry need provide; Je-sus

D.S.

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# There is Always Time for Prayer.

EDITH H. KINNEY, by per. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

*Prayerfully.*

1. Should the new dawn, breaking, a bur-den bring, That your soul deems hard to bear,
2. With a lift of heart let the day be-gin, And a mo-ment re-spite spare,
3. When your wea-ry feet fal-ter on the path, Tho' to pause you do not dare,
4. When the late light dies with the set-ting sun, Would you taste a balm for care?

*rit.*

Seek a boon of grace for a lit-tle space; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
Ere you press a-long with the toiling throng; There is al-ways time for pray'r.
Would you find the stress of the noon grow less? There is al-ways time for pray'r.
With a lift of heart let the day de-part; There is al-ways time for pray'r.

CHORUS.

There is al-ways time in the morn-ing's prime, And the gold-en noon-tide fair;

*rit.*

There is al-ways time 'neath the e-ver-chime, There is al-ways time for pray'r.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY P. P. BILHORN.

# Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By Per.

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
4. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer; trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and friend: If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His child-ren to hear; When He tells us we may
Savior who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're needing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the fullness of this

faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart He removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

D. S. *What a balm for the wea - ry! O how*

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

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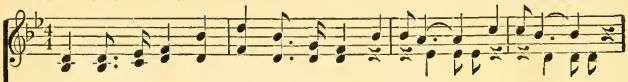
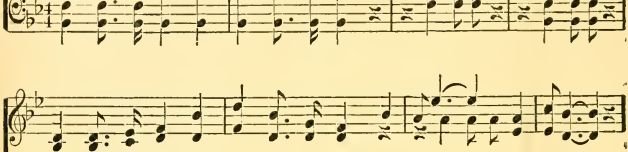
# Tell Everything to Jesus.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. Ackerman.



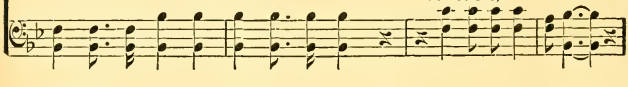
1. Are you dis-cour-aged? are you distressed, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus;
2. Hangs low the dark clouds o-ver your way, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus;
3. When you are tempt-ed look not with-in, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus;
4. Is there a heart ache o-ver some loss, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus;

Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus:

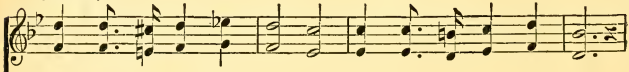


In Je-sus' pres-ence there is sweet rest, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus.
Light will a-rise when-ev-er you pray, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus.
There is de-liv-'rance from ev-'ry sin, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus.
His heart was bro-ken on Calv'ry's cross, Tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus.

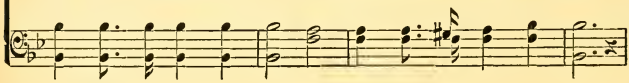
Tell Je-sus,



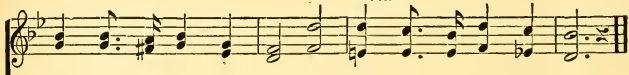
Chorus.



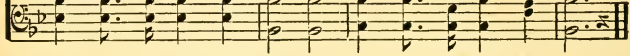
Tell ev-'ry-thing to Je-sus, Tell Him your care and grief;



*rit.*



From ev-'ry cross and sor-row, Je-sus will give re-lief.



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# Have You Told Jesus?

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

1. Have you told Je - sus the burdens you bear, Have you told Je - sus your
2. Have you told Je - sus your longing for rest? Have you told Je - sus and
3. Have you told Je - sus, No longer de - lay; Have you told Je - sus, O,

troubles and care? Have you told Je - sus and asked for His aid? Go now and
asked to be blest? Have you told Je - sus when weary the way? Go now and
hasten to - day; Have you told Je - sus, No longer be sad; Go now and

Chorus.

tell Him and be not a - fraid.
tell Him, go tell Him to - day. Quickly go tell Him your hopes and your
tell Him, Rejoice and be glad.

fears, Com-fort- er rea - dy to wipe a-way tears; Wounded heart's

*rit.*

cry! He instant-ly hears,... Go tell to Je - sus your all.

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# Tell It To Him.

P. P. B. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. When you are weary and burdened with care, Tell it to Je-sus, your trials He'll bear.
2. Fondly He'll listen to hear your heart's prayer, Quickly He'll hasten your sorrows to share,
3. When all a-round you is wil-der-ness drear, Look un-to Je-sus, there's nothing to fear,

rit.

Cast-ing up-on Him all doubt-ing and fear, Je-sus will help you, for Je-sus will hear.
Call then up-on Him, in deep-est dis-tress, Je-sus will help you, and give you sweet rest.
Rest on His prom-is-es for they are true, Je-sus will help you, for Je-sus loves you.

*CHORUS. Can be sung in Unison if desired.

Tell it to Je-sus, tell Him your care, Lean hard upon Him, your load He'll bear;

rit.

Tell it to Je-sus, when skies are dim, Tell it to Je-sus, tell it to Him.

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# I Mean to Be There, Do You?

P. P. B. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. I have heard of a land where bright an - gels dwell, I mean to make
2. I have heard of the man-sions so grand and fair, I mean to make
3. I have heard that we'll meet loved ones face to face, I mean to make
4. I have heard of a Sav - ior whose love is great, I mean to make

heav-en my home,... There no sor-row nor sigh-ing nor pain re - pel, I
heav-en my home,... They are building a pal-ace for me up there, I
heav-en my home,... Are you go-ing, my friend, to that heav'n-ly place? I
heav-en my home,... He in-vites all to come and His peace par-take, I

do you?

CHORUS.

mean to make heav-en my home..... I mean to make heav-en my

do you?

home,.... I mean to make heaven my home,.... I have heard of a

do you? do you?

land where bright an-gels dwell, I mean to make heav-en my home,....

do you?

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# Calling, Calling.

H. L. FRISBIE. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET & CHO.

1. God is call-ing, soft-ly and gent-ly call-ing, He is
2. God is call-ing and He is slow to an-ger, Plead-ing,
3. God is call-ing, call-ing you to be ho-ly; Will you
4 God is call-ing, Je-sus for you is plead-ing, Will you

sweet-ly whis-per-ing to my soul: "Come ye wear-y,
wait-ing, turn not from Him a-way; He will cleanse you
scorn Him? How can you treat Him so? When He tells you,
hear Him, tak-ing Him at His word? An-swer quick-ly,

*cresc.* *f* *rit.*

Come to me, I will rest you, Come and I will heal you and make you whole."
though your sins be as scar-let; Hear Him call-ing, come if you will to-day.
"Though your sins be as crim-son, I will make them whit-er than driv-en snow."
mo-ments are short and fleet-ing; This may be the last time His voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Call-ing in ac-cents so sweet, Call-ing to mer-cies re-treat,

*rit.*

O hear Him call-ing Call-ing in ac-cents sweet.

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# Come, Whosoever Will.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Come, is the call of the Fa - ther, Come, is the call of His Son;
2. Come, is the call of The Spi - rit, Come, is the call of His word;
3. Come, is the call of your broth - er, Come, is the call ev-'ry day;
4. Come, if thou wouldst be for - giv - en, Come, and thy soul shall be blest;

*rit.*

Come, He is call-ing you broth - er Come, and His will shall be done.
Come, is the call of The Mas - ter, Come, is the call of The Lord.
Come, is the call of your moth - er, Come, and no long - er de - lay.
Christ is the doorway to heav - en Come, un - to Him and find rest.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who - so - ev - er will,

*rit.*

who - so - ev - er will, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

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# Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

ADAM CRAIG. P. P. BILHORN.

1. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev-er was told,
2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The dear, loving Sav-ior of men,
3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, That sto - ry of love so sub - lime,

How He took in His arms little children, And led them as lambs to His fold,
How He healed all the sick and the dying, And soothed those in sorrow and pain;
How He died on the cross to save sinners, And rescue this poor soul of mine.

That sto - ry of Je-sus my Sav - ior, So lov-ing, so gen-tle, so mild,
He lived and He talked with the lowly, And lessons of love did un - fold;
O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Redemption for young and for old;

FINE.

When He said, "Those who enter the kingdom Must come like a dear little child."
I want to tell oth-ers that sto - ry—The sweetest that ever was told.
O tell all the world the sweet story—The sweetest that ever was told.

*D.S.–How He took in His arms little children, And led them as lambs to His fold,*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev - er was told,

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# The Lord Is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT.

*Lento.* *m*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

*m*

feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the

*f* *m*

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy

*p* *ff* *Rit.* *p*

deems when oppressed, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more.
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

# O Tell Me More of Christ.

E. E. Hewitt. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O tell me more of Christ, my Sav-ior; On this glad theme dwell o'er and o'er;
2. O tell me more of love's sweet sto-ry, If you would cheer and comfort me;
3. O tell me more! How waves of sorrow Shall hear His voice say, "Peace, be still,"
4. O tell me more! And I re - peat-ing The hap-py news, shall spread the joy;

His boundless grace, His sav-ing fa - vor, His precious name, O tell me more!
How Je - sus wept, the King of glo - ry, Those ten-der tears of sym-pa - thy.
How af - ter night, bright dawns the morrow, To those who trust His blessed will.
Come, blessed Lord, Thy work com-plet-ing, Till songs of praise our lips em-ploy.

Refrain. *f cres.* *m*

O tell me more! so much I need His pow'r to keep, His hand to lead;

*m* *cres.* *f* *rit.*

O tell me more! of Him I love, Un-til I see His face a - bove.....

face a - bove.

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# 147 Christ is Standing on the Shore.

SADIE H. LEACH. FERD. DEGE.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Are you wea - ry with your row-ing? Scarcely strength to lift an oar?
2. Do the clouds seem dark with shadows, That you fain would see no more?
3. Are the wa - ters dash - ing hard-er 'Gainst your boat than e'er be-fore?
4. Oh, re-mem-ber that in ful - ness Christ can per-fect peace re-store;

Christ with pit - y sees your toil - ing. He is stand-ing on the shore.
Have you lost that gleaming ha - lo From the Christ up-on the shore?
Lift your eyes a - bove the bil - lows, Christ still stands up-on the shore.
In what-ev - er sea of troub - le, Still He standeth on the shore.

CHORUS.

Are you wea - - - - ry with your row - ing? Are you
Are you wea-ry with your row-ing, with your row - ing? Are you

wea- - - - ry at the oar? Lift your eyes..... ' and
weary with your toiling at the oar? Lift your eyes, O lift your eyes and

be en - cour - aged, Christ is stand - - - ing on the shore.
be en - cour - aged, Christ is standing, Christ is standing on the shore.

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# Wonderful Savior of All.

INA DULEY OGDON.

FERD DEGEN.
Arr. by P. P. B.

1. Since I have tast-ed the joys of my Lord, Since I o-beyed at the
2. I am so glad that His mer-cy is free, Reaching, reclaiming, poor
3. I am so glad that the fa-vor He gives, Ev-er thro' time and e-
4. Man-y the mansions His love will pre-pare, Man-y the dear ones a-

call of His word,— I am so glad ev-'ry crea-ture may come,
sin-ners like me; Fall-en and lost ones, give heed to His voice,
ter-ni-ty lives; All who will hear Him and trust in His might,
wait-ing us there; Broth-er, the prom-ise He left you is true;

*Rit.* CHORUS. *Faster.*

I am so glad in His love there is room.
Je-sus can save you; a-rise and re-joice!
Those will He crown in His kingdom of light.
Heav-en has ref-uge and wel-come for you!
} Wonderful, won-der-ful

Sav-ior of men! Nev-er a pil-grim has sought Him in vain,

*Rit.*

I am so glad we may come at His call, I am so glad He is Sav-ior for all.

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# Lovingly, Tenderly.

GEO. O. WEBSTER. FRANK E. LINDGREN.

*Slowly.*

1. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Of the dear Sav-ior whose
2. Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Till ev-'ry lost one the
3. Earn-est-ly, faith-ful-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Dear ones a-round thee are
4. Pray'r-ful-ly, pa-tient-ly tell the sweet sto-ry, Earn-est-ly seek-ing the

in-fin-ite love Brought Him to earth from the heav-en-ly glo-ry
mes-sage has heard An-gels look down from the heav-en-ly glo-ry
dy-ing in sin, Je-sus looks down from the heav-en-ly glo-ry,
lost ones to win, Lead-ing them up to those man-sions of glo-ry,

*rit.* CHORUS.

Seek-ing God's ten-der com-pas-sion to prove.
They would re-joice to re-peat the glad word. Tell the sweet sto-ry a-
Watching thee gather the wan-der-ers in.
Christ hath prepared for the ransomed from sin. Tell it a-

gain and a-gain, Let all who hear it the sto-ry re-peat, Lov-ing-ly,
gain and a-gain, Let all the sto-ry re-peat,

*rit.*

ten-der-ly swell the re-frain, Till all of the ran-som'd in glo-ry shall meet.

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# Someone is Waiting for You.

GRACE GIFFIN. P. P. BILHORN.

*Andante.* SOLO and DUET.

1. Some-one is long-ing to find your Lord, Hun-gry to - day for the liv - ing word, And blind-ly is grop-ing his way un - to God. Some-one is wait - ing for you.
2. Some-one is burden'd with guilt and sin, Earn-est - ly long-ing to be made clean; O Christian go forth, there are souls now to win, Some-one is wait - ing for you.
3. Let your light shine with a lov-ing glow, Help men to Je-sus wher-e'er you go; If you are a Christian, you surely must know, Some-one is wait - ing for you.

*p* *rit.* *cres.* *f* *rit.* *p* *cres.* *f* *rit.* *p*

DUET. *f* *m*

Wait - - ing for you, . . . . wait - - ing for you,

*cres.* *ff* *ff* *rit.*

Harvest is read - y, the work-ers are few; Some - one is wait-ing, is wait - ing for you; Some - one is wait - ing, is wait - ing for you.

*f* *p* *rit.*

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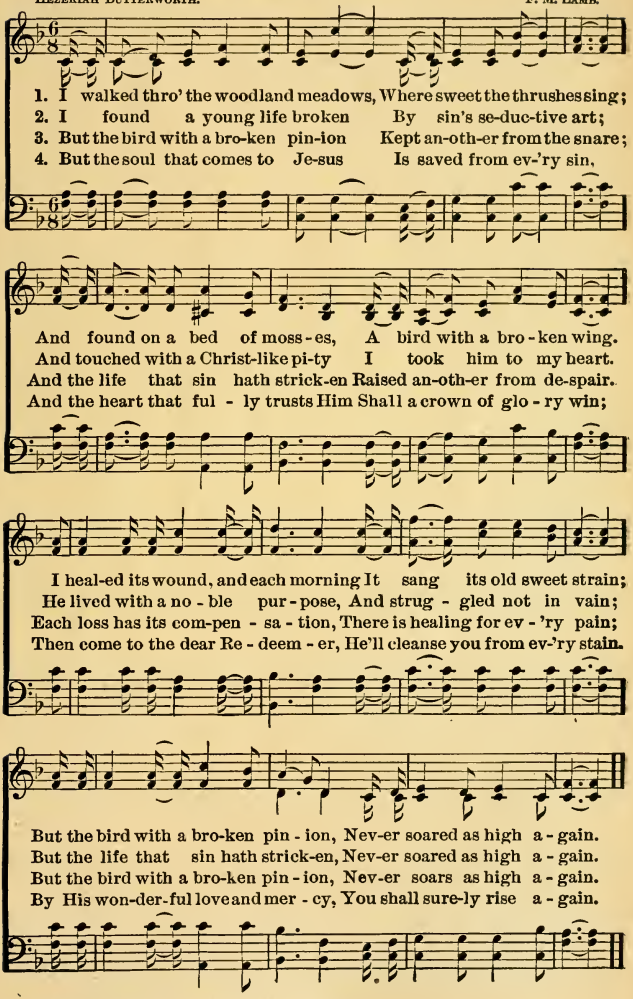
# The Bird with a Broken Wing.

4th verse by P. P. Bilhorn.

Hezekiah Butterworth. F. M. Lamb.

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# You Mean to Be Saved—But When?

Words and Music copyright, 1904, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. You mean to be saved—but when? No long - er the blessing de - lay;
2. You mean to be saved—but when? The way is pro - vid-ed and free,
3. You wish to be saved—but when? No long - er a wan-der - er roam;
4. You hope to be saved—you say, You've said it a - gain and a - gain;

Now, now, is the time ac - cept-ed, O come and be saved to - day!
He will not com-pel, O choose Him, Your Sav - ior and Friend to be!
Be - lieve and re - ceive full par - don, You mean to be saved—come home!
You may not be - hold to - mor - row, You mean to be saved—but when?

Chorus.

You mean to be saved— but when? You mean to be

*cres.*

saved—but when? He loves you, He calls you, He's

wait - ing just now, You mean to be saved—but when?

but when?

# Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Je-sus stands read-y to par - don, Je-sus stands read-y to save,—
2. Je-sus on Cal-va-ry's mount - ain, Je - sus on Cal-va-ry's tree—
3. Je-sus, the King of all a - ges, Je - sus, Je - ho-vah and God—

Down in Geth-sem-e-ne's Gar - den All that He had He gave,—
Poured out His in-fi-nite good - ness, Suf-fered for you and me.
Reigns in His heav-en-ly glo - ry, Saves by His pre-cious blood.

Je - sus stands read - y, wait - ing, Will-ing to save you now,
When He had died they laid Him Si-lent-ly in the grave,—
Come, all ye heav - y la - den, Come, there is rest and peace,—

*rit.*

If you will love and trust Him, Hum-bly be-fore Him bow.
Up He a - rose, tri - umph - ant, Now He has pow'r to save.
Come to this lov - ing Sav - ior, Come, there is sweet re - lease.

REFRAIN. *f* *ff* *ad lib.* *rit.*

Je - sus will save,—Save you from sin; Je - sus will save you, O let Him in. let Him in.

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# Hark! I Hear My Name.

I. D. O. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. From the fields so white with har-vest, We may glean the gold-en grain;
2. He, the Friend of dy-ing sin-ners, To my res-cue quick-ly came;
3. Glad-ly do I haste to aid Him, He who bore my sin and shame;
4. See the har-vest still is wait-ing, Shall the Mas-ter plead in vain?

For the Mas-ter seek-eth reap-ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.
Now He bids me seek for oth-ers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.
Great the harvest, few the la-b'rers, Hark! I hear Him call my name.
Sons of men cease your de-bat-ing, Hark! I hear Him call your name!

CHORUS.

Hark! I hear Him call { my / your } name, Hark! I hear Him call { my / your } name;

For the Mas-ter seek-eth reap-ers, Hark! I hear Him call { my / your } name.

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# Abundantly Able to Save.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re-pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his

liev-eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per-fect sal-va-tion shall
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e-ter-nal re-demp-tion shall
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per-fect sal-va-tion shall

CHORUS.

have; For He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save,
have; For He is both a-ble and will-ing to save. My broth-er, the
have; For Je-sus is read-y this mo-ment to save.

Mas-ter is call-ing for thee;..... His grace and His mer-cy are
Broth-er, the Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee; Broth-er, His grace and His

wondrously free;..... His blood as a ran-som for sin-ners He
mer-cy are won-drous-ly free; Broth-er, His blood as a ran-som for

*rit.*

gave,..... And He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.
sin-ners He gave, And He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.

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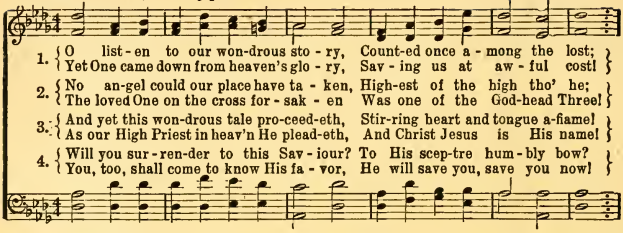
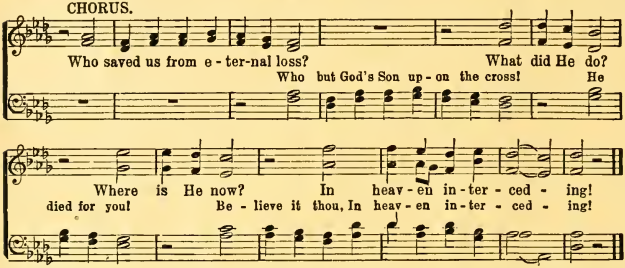
## 156 What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. by per. W. OWEN.



1. O list-en to our won-drous sto-ry, Count-ed once a-mong the lost;
   Yet One came down from heaven's glo-ry, Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!
2. No an-gel could our place have ta-ken, High-est of the high tho' he;
   The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head Three!
3. And yet this won-drous tale pro-ceed-eth, Stir-ring heart and tongue a-flame!
   As our High Priest in heav'n He plead-eth, And Christ Jesus is His name!
4. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-iour? To His scep-tre hum-bly bow?
   You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now!

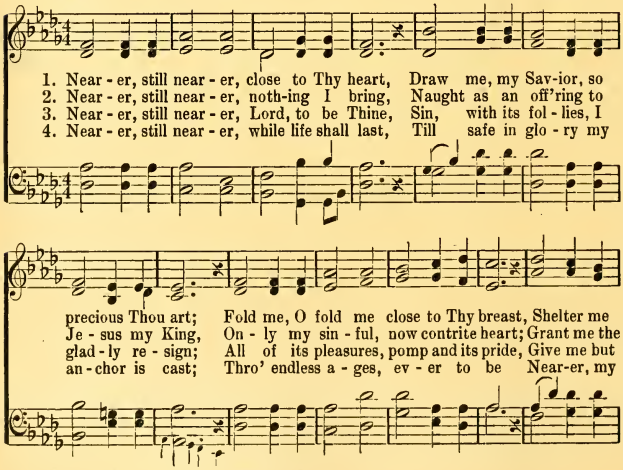
CHORUS.



Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross! He
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!

## 157 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shelter me
Je-sus my King, On-ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart; Grant me the
glad-ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a-ges, ev-er to be Near-er, my

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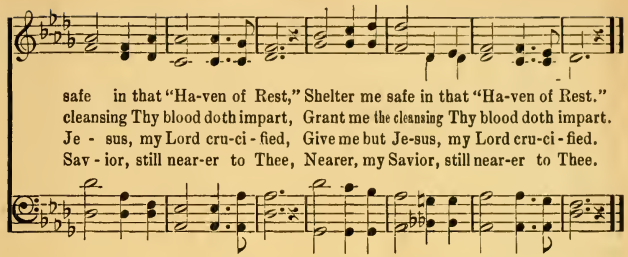
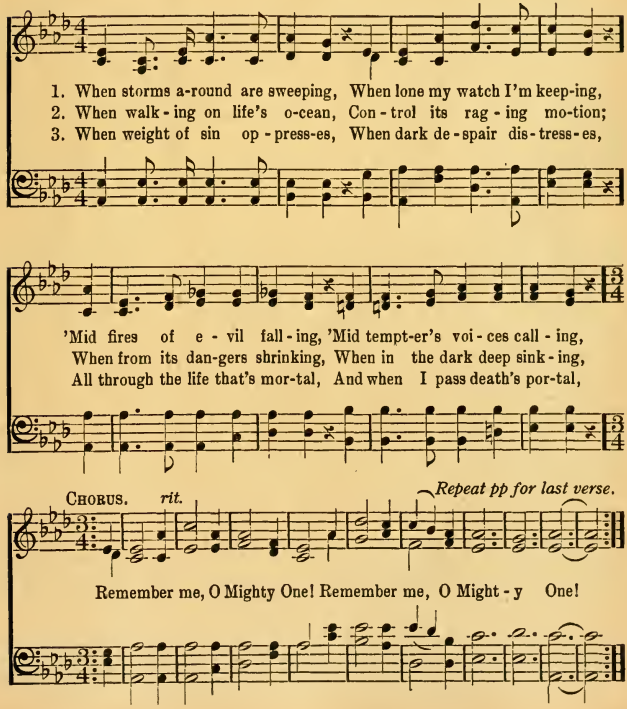
## Nearer, Still Nearer.




## 158 Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon.



# 159 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

## 160 Speed Away! Speed Away!

Rev. C. Cooke. I. B. Woodbury. Arr. P. P. B.

1. Speed a-way! speed a-way! O ye her-alds of light, There are millions en-
2. Let the Church to the help of Je-ho-vah draw near, Come with love and with
3. Speed a-way! speed a-way with a message from heav'n, To all na-tions of

shroud-ed in nature's dark night, { Who are will-ing to hear, and the / But they know of no Sav-ior on
faith, and with fer-vor in prayer! { Let her fling to the breeze the pure / And en-list in the strug-gle her
men let the ti-dings be giv'n, { That Mes-si-ah has triumphed, His / And the earth as an E-den is

truth to re-ceive, whom to be-lieve. } O they're dy-ing by thou-sands in sin ev-'ry day!
ban-ner of truth, warm-hearted youth; } Let the par-ents and chil-dren, and ev-'ry one say:
foes are all slain, blush-ing a-gain! } O great Sav-ior, let noth-ing this con-quest de-lay!

*rit.* *repeat pp*

Speed a-way!..... speed a-way!..... speed a-way!
Speed a-way! speed a-way!

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## 161 Take Me, Make Me.

Chorus. P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1 2

Take me, make me An am-bas-sa-dor to be; me; An am-bas-sa-dor for Thee.
Take me Lord, and make me, take me Lord, and make me, make me;

Copyrighted.

# What If it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a-gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa- tan's do - min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow- er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim His chos - en Bride, All the re - deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

*rit.*

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

*a tempo.*

CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

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## What If It Were To-day?

joy to my heart 'twill bring: Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring: When

crown Him King: Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre - pare the
we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

*rit.*

way! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.
pare the way!

## 163 He Shall Appear to Your Joy.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Chorus.

"He..... shall appear to your joy, He..... shall appear to your joy;"
"He shall appear, shall He shall appear, shall

Be not a - fraid, hath He not said, "He shall ap-pear to your joy"?

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# Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je-sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I hear their
3. Why should I an-xious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear on the
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly

Friend; Dan-gers and troubles would end If Je-sus should come to-
song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home to-
shore; Storms will af-fright nev-er - more, For He is "at hand" to-
tell; Why I should love Him so well, For He is my all to-

CHORUS. *Joyful.*

day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day? I'll

live for to - day, nor an - xious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

*cres.* *rit.*

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

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# Orders From the King.

S. M. Austin. Fred Chalmers.

1. We have or-ders from the King, And His word we must o - bey;
2. We have or-ders from the King, And the fight for truth is on;
3. We have or-ders from the King, We will nev-er turn a - side;

Ev-'ry sol-dier true, must His du-ty do In the serv-ice ev-'ry day.
With our sword in hand, for the right we'll stand Till the day for God is won.
We will fear no foe, we are safe we know, While with Je-sus we a-bide.

Chorus. *Unison.*

For we have or-ders from the King, To the fight He bids us go;

1

The world to Him we now must bring, We have or-ders from the King;

2

Each soul be ready, march firm and steady, The King is call-ing us to-day.

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# I Sing, for I Can't Keep Silent.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. I sing of His love a - bid - ing, I sing of His truth and grace,
2. I sing for I am so hap - py, I sing for I am so free;
3. I sing of the peace He gives me, I sing of un - dy - ing love;

*cres* *f*

I sing of His Pow'r pro-vid-ing Of Je-sus who stood in my place;
I sing of my dear Re-deem-er, Who suffered on Cal-va-ry's tree;
I sing of the Ho - ly Spir - it, Who came like a heav-en - ly dove;

He car-ried my grief and sor - row, He bore all my sin and shame,
He's build-ing for me a man - sion, Where I shall for-ev - er be;
Re - veal-ing the truth in Je - sus, Re - veal-ing the pow'r di - vine;

I sing for I can't keep si - lent, O praise be to His dear name.
I sing for I can't keep si - lent, He shed His own blood for me.
I sing for I can't keep si - lent, I know that His love is mine.

REFRAIN.

I sing for I can't keep si - lent, His love is the theme of my song,

*rit.* *a tempo.*

And this is my sweetest en - joy - ment, To sing of Him all day long.

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# Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing unto my God."—Psa. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His won - der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo - ry; Strength and honor give to His Ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suf - fered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal- va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es! Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love un-bound-ed, wonderful, deep and strong;
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por - tals, loud with ho - san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev - er and ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing great-ness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

FINE.

D. S.

# Christ For the World — *and* —

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

INTRO.

INST. *f* *ff*

*mf*

1. Mes - si - ah's call rings out to one and all, To
2. The world for Christ, and Christ for all the world, Till
3. The day draws near when vic - t'ry shall ap-pear, We'll

ral - ly quick - ly to the bat - tle line; He bids us not with
ev - 'ry na - tion joins the glad re-frain; And He shall reign, His
spread His glo - ry o - ver hill and plain; The world a - round the

*cres.* *ff* *f*

sword and shield to fight, But love and grace and truth di - vine.
ban - ner is un-furled; The joy - ful news we now pro-claim.
bat - tle call shall sound, Till Christ the Con-quer - or shall reign.

*ff*

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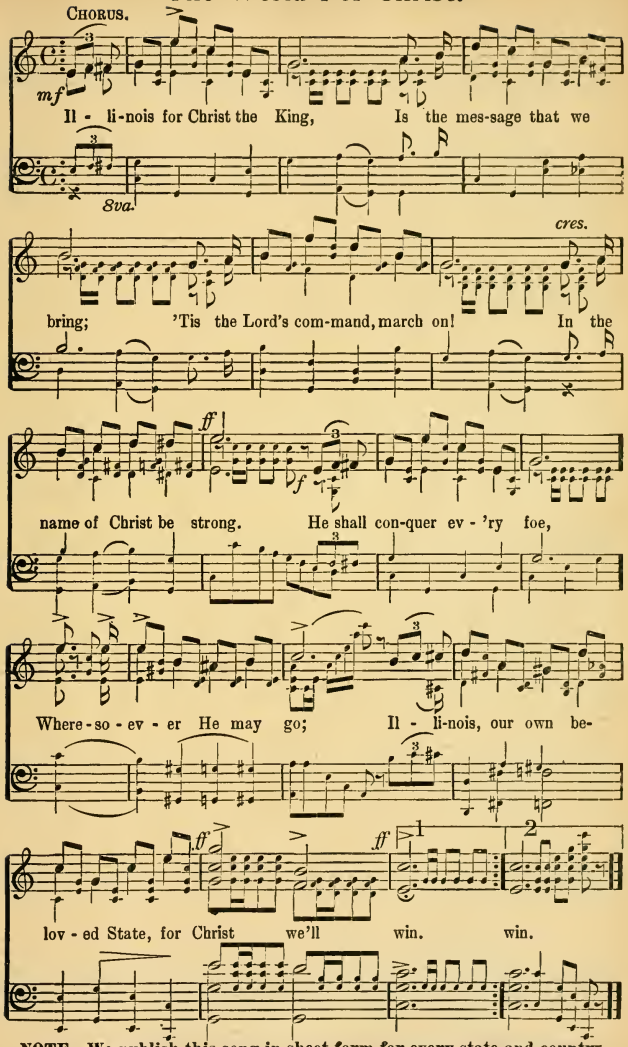
# The World For Christ.




**NOTE—We publish this song in sheet form for every state and country.**

*ANY NATION, STATE, OR CITY MAY BE SUBSTITUTED.

# The Peace-Bells Are Ringing.

H. L. Frisbie. Peter Phillip Bilhorn.

1. The peace-bells are ring-ing, the an-gels are sing-ing Of glo-ry to
2. The morn-ing is breaking, the na-tions are wak-ing, The gleam of the
3. Tell mil-lions the sto-ry of Christ and His glo-ry, As Prince of Peace

God and good-will un-to men; The ju-bi-lee morn-ing al-
Day-Star al-read-y they see; The trump-et notes swell-ing, the
now He be-gins His glad reign; And peace, like a riv-er, shall

*cres.*

read-y is dawn-ing, And heav-en to earth is now com-ing a-gain.
ti-dings are tell-ing, "Come up to the feast, 'tis the Peace Ju-bi-lee."
flow on for-ev-er, No war or its ru-mors shall vex earth a-gain.

Chorus.

Then ring on, ye peace-bells, and sing on, ye an-gels, Give

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# The Peace-Bells Are Ringing.

glo - ry to God, ring the ju - bi - lee in; For-

ev - er and ev - er shall peace, like a riv - er, Flow

*cres.*

on when King Je-sus His reign, His reign doth be - gin.

*cres.*

# Awakening Chorus.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 76 =

1. A- wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! a-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a - wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

*Male voices in Unison.*

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

*Full harmony.*

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

# Awakening Chorus.

*Unison.*

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
is sin backward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

*Full harmony.*

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

# Golden Bells of Peace.

H. L. Frisbie. P. P. Bilhorn.

*Unison.*

1. Ring - ing, joyfully ringing the gold - en bells of peace;
2. Ring - ing, ringing in honor of Christ the might-y King;
3. Ring - ing, tell-ing the story the her - ald - an - gels told;

Ring - ing, tell-ing the nations that war and strife shall cease:
Ring - ing, glo - ry and maj-es-ty un - to Him we bring:
Ring - ing, o - ver and o - ver it nev - er will grow old:

Ring out, o - ver all lands ring out, heav-en de-mands;
Ring out, Je-sus shall reign; ring out, joy - ful re-frain;
Ring out, bat-tles are o'er, peace, peace for - ev-er - more;

Ring on, ring with-out ceas-ing, ye gold - en bells.
Ring on, tell of His glo - ry, ye gold - en bells.
Ring on, joy - ful - ly ring-ing, ye gold - en bells.

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# Golden Bells of Peace.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells, the gold - en bells,

Ring golden bells, the beau-ti-ful bells, Keep ringing the gold - en bells,

Ring - ing, ring - ing,

Christ, the Prince of Peace, shall reign, For-ev-er and ev-er keep ring - ing;

Christ, our Redeemer, Prince of our peace, For-ev-er keep ringing the gold-en bells;

Ring the bells, the gold - en bells,

Ring golden bells, the beautiful bells, Sweet peace unto all keep ring - ing;

Ring - ing, ring - ing,

*Bells.*

Join the an-gels in sing - ing, Ringing the gold - en bells.

Join with the an-gels in sing - ing,

# King of Kings.

H. L. Frisbie. March Time. Philip P. Broadhurst.

1. Like the mighty voice of ma-ny wa-ters, Heaven is all ju-bi-lant with song;
2. Let the nations humbly bow before Him, Make His ev-er-last-ing glories known;
3. Day of glory when the angels crowned Him, With the good news all cre-a-tion rings;

Come and join your voices, sons and daughters, Let the strains triumphant roll a-long. (roll a-long.)
Earth and all the hea'nly hosts a-dore Him; Christ is King and sitteth on the throne. (on the throne.)
Glory, might and power now surround Him, Christ, the Mighty one is King of kings. (King of kings.)

Chorus. *Unison.*

Christ is King! Let the joy-ful ti-dings ring; King of Kings! Let the na-tions shout and sing; Christ is King! Fly on

*Parts.*

angel's swiftest wings, Bear the blessed tidings, Christ is King of kings! (King of kings!)

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# Forward Into Battle.

F. E. L. FRANK E. LINDGREN.

1. A - wake! a - rise! ye sol-diers of the cross, Go forth in - to the
2. Lift up the stand-ard of the God of love, Go in the strength of
3. Then on-ward go with songs of vic - to - ry, Go in - to bat - tle

*cres.*

bat - tle field to-day, Our Cap-tain calls us to a - rise, go for-ward to the fray!
Christ our Lord and King, For Him who conquered sin and death, go forth on joyful wing.
right a-gainst the wrong, Go for-ward in the name of Christ with courage true and strong.

CHORUS. *f*

For-ward in-to bat-tle, brave-ly march a-gainst the foe, Christ our Roy-al Lead-er,
forward, forward,

bids His valiant ar-my go, Vic-to-ry a-waits you; fal-ter not but march a-
forward go, awaits you forward

*cres.* *ff* *ff* *cres.* *ff* *ff* *cres.*

long, Forward to the fight! put the foe to flight! Join and sing the victor's song.
march along,

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# In the Time of Trouble.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. In the time of troub - le God him-self will hide thee, In the hour of
2. In the time of troub - le God is al-ways near, When the heart is
3. In the time of troub - le Tho' you can - not see, You shall know life's

Chorus.

dan - ger Ill can ne'er be-tide thee.
ach - ing Tell the Lord in prayer. In . . . His pa - vil - ion,
mean - ing When the shad-ows flee. In His pa - vil - ion I safely am hid-ing,

Je - - - sus will hide me, Safe . . . in this ref-
O what a shel-ter have I ev - 'ry hour, While in His pa - vil - ion I safe - ly am

uge Noth - - - ing to fear; . . . Wak - - - ing or
hid - ing, Noth-ing can make me a - fraid, a - fraid; When I am wak - ing and

sleep - ing, Anx - - ious for noth - ing,
when I am sleep - ing, Hap - py in God I am anx - ious for noth - ing,

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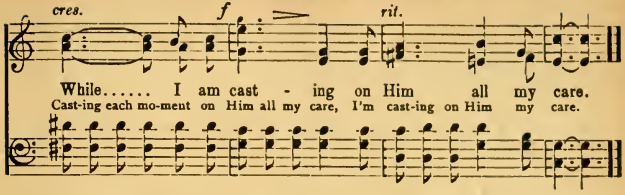
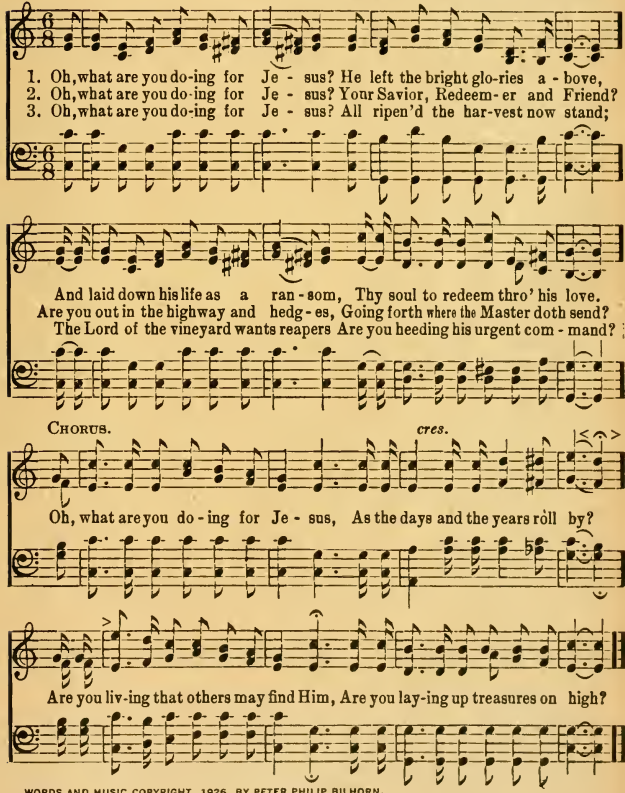
## In the Time of Trouble.




## 179 What Are You Doing for Jesus?

Words and Music by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

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# Song of Triumph.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Sing a song of tri-umph ev-'ry pass-ing day, Shout a-loud Ho-san-na
2. Un-to Him who loved us, shed His precious blood, Con-quered sin and Sa-tan
3. Sing a song of tri-umph, ral-ly round your King, Lift a-loft His ban-ner,

midst the bat-tle fray. For our Lord and King shall lead us all the way,
by the word of God, He sal-va-tion purchased, He the wine-press trod!
make the wel-kin ring, For-ward, to the vic-t'ry, mount on ea-gles' wing!

Till the bat-tle shall be done. Like a might-y ar-my march-ing on to
Praise and bless His ho-ly name. At the song of triumph Satan's hosts shall
Soon we'll lay our armor down. Dan-ger may surround you, do not fear the

war, With a King vic-to-rious, go-ing on be-fore, So the host of
flee, On, then, hosts of Je-sus, on to vic-to-ry. Let your cheerful
foe, Christ will o-ver-come them as we on-ward go. He, thru love, shall

God shall tri-umph ev-er-more, Sing it till the war-fare shall be done.
voic-es ring in ju-bi-lee, Fol-low Je-sus in His roy-al train.
conquer, save from death and woe, Our re-ward shall be a roy-al crown.

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CHORUS.

# Song of Triumph.

Sing..... a song of tri - - umph,
Sing a glo - ri - ous song, tri - umph ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

Sing a song of tri - - umph,

Shout..... the bat - tle cry;.....
Shout a - loud the ring - ing bat - tle cry, the bat - tle cry!

Shout the ring - ing bat - tle cry for - ev - er;

1

Sing..... a song of tri - - umph, Sin.....
Sing a glo - ri - ous song tri - umph ev - 'ry day, Sin and wrong for-

Sing a song of tri - - umph, Sin and

2

....and wrong must die;..... Sing.....
ev - er - more shall die, for - ev - er - more; Sing a glo - ri - ous

wrong must die;..... For - ev - er Sing a

..... a song of tri - - umph, For the vict'ry ours shall be.....
song, tri - umph ev - 'ry day, shall be.

song of

# After the Conflict is Over.

IRENE DURFEE. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. Aft - er the con - flict all is o - ver, Aft - er we lay our
2. Aft - er the seed of truth we've plant - ed, Out in the hills of
3. Aft - er the watch - ing and the pray - ing, Aft - er the dis-cords

weap-ons down, If we have been God's faithful sol - diers, Then we shall
sin and wrong, Aft - er the gos - pel we have giv - en, In His dear
all are past, Aft - er life's tu-mults and hard tri - als Com-eth e-

wear a vic - tor's crown; If we have fol - lowed our com-
name to earth's great throng, Aft - er the toil - ing in His
ter - nal peace at last, Aft - er the walk of faith with

mand - er, Out where the fight was rag - ing hard, We have His
vine - yard, Aft - er the cross for Him we bear, Com-eth His
Je - sus, Aft - er we fill our hum - ble place, Com-eth the

nev - er - fail - ing prom - ise That we shall rest with Christ our Lord.
joy of Home and har-vest, Com - eth the crown for us to wear.
glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal, Com - eth the sight of His dear face.

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# After the Conflict is Over.

CHORUS.

When the con - flict of life is all o - ver, When at

home with the Lord we shall be; 'Twill be glo - ry to be in His

pres-ence, 'Twill be glo - ry our Mas - ter to see. Hal - le - lu - jah! the

song we to - geth - er With the an-gels and saints there shall sing; Giv - ing

hon - or for-ev - er and ev - er, To the name of our Sav - ior and King.

# The King of the Ages.

H. L. Frisbie. Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. Christ, the King of the A-ges, of Dav - id's line;.....
2. Christ, the King of the A-ges, our Sov - 'reign Lord,.....
3. Christ, the King of the A-ges, still loves His own,.....

Prince of Peace, He has conquered by pow - er di - vine,....
And we trust in His mer-cy and rest in His word,....
And He nev - er for-sakes nor will leave us a - lone,....

For our peace He was wounded and shed His blood,....
Priests and Kings, in His serv-ice by grace a - lone,....
Guid - ing thro' the dark val-ley and thro' the grave,....

Sing His prais - es and tell of the peace of our God...
Giv - ing hon - or to Je-sus up - on the White Throne.
He will save us, for might-y is He now to save...

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# The King of the Ages.

CHORUS.

*ff*

Hail the might - y King,..... Of Thy won - drous love we sing..... Thou hast bought us with Thy blood,.... Made us

Hail to the might - y vic - to - ri - ous King, Thy won-drous love we re- joic - ing - ly sing. Thou hast re-deemed us and bought us with blood,

*cres.*

Kings and Priests of God,..... Thou art will - ing to re- ceive,..... Ev-'ry one who will be - lieve,.... Thou hast triumphed

Kings Thou hast made us and Priests un - to God, Will - ing - ly Thou wilt a sin-ner re-ceive, All who con-fess and on Him will be-lieve,

*rit.*

*cres.* *ff* *rit.*

o'er the grave and Thou art a-ble from death to save.....

a - ble to save.

# Great Is the Lord.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

*Allegro.*

1. Great is the Lord of the earth and sky, Earth is full of His glo - ry,
2. Great is the Lord who is ev - 'rywhere, Om - ni-pres-ent for - ev - er;
3. Great is the Lord in His ten - der love, That so free - ly He of - fers;

And all the ransomed who dwell on high, Tell forth the won-der - ful sto - ry,
Safe is the one who is in His care, He is for-sak-en, no nev - er;
Com-ing to us from the throne a - bove, Full re-demp-tion He prof - fers;

Of all His mar-vel-ous pow'r and fame, Of boundless love they are sing - ing;
Great is the Lord of om - nip - o - tence, Might-y and strong to de - liv - er,
His lov - ing kindness is free to all, And no one need be ex-clud - ed,

His is the fair - est of ev - 'ry name, Heav'n with His prais-es are ring - ing.
Of ev - 'ry bless-ing that comes to us, He is the glo - ri - ous giv - er.
If they but yield to the gos - pel call, Ev - 'ry one will be in - clud - ed.

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# Great Is the Lord.

CHORUS.

Great..... is the Lord,..... un - to Him we of - fer
Great is the Lord, is the Lord,

love and praise, For He lives,..... and He rules,..... And He
for He lives, and He rules,

is the an - cient of the days, Earth and sky..... loud - ly
earth and sky

tell..... forth the won - der - ful, mar - vel - ous sto - ry,
loud - ly tell

*rit.* *f* *a tempo.* *ff*

Great is the Lord and great is our God, for He is the King of glo - ry.

# Out With the Reapers.

CHAS. MORTON. PHILIP P. BROADHURST.

*Unison.*

1. Out with the reapers, to gather the harvest we haste a - way, Hear-ing the call of the
2. Out with the reapers, to work while the day lasts, the night will come; When we have finished the
3. Out with the reapers, in la-bors a-bun-dant the prize is won; We shall be glad for each

CHORUS.

Lord of the vine-yard this hap-py day. Out with the reap - ers gathering the
work He shall give us then "Harvest Home." Out to-day, with the reapers gath - er-
mo-ment of serv-ice when work is done.

sheaves of golden grain, Out with the reap-ers, joy-ful-ly we sing a glad re-
ing the sheaves of golden grain, Out to-day with the reapers, joy - ful - ly we

frain;..... Out with the reap - ers gath-er-ing the sheaves of golden
sing a glad re-frain; Out to - day with the reapers gath - er - ing the

*f* *rit.*

grain,..... Out with the reapers, joy - ful - ly we sing with a glad re-frain.
sheaves of golden grain,

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# Secure I Rest.

C. B. Quartette or Chorus. Rev. W. S. Martin.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down..... in peace to
2. And such the trust..... that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds.....swept o'er the

sleep,... Se-cure I rest..... up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hath pow'r to
brine,... Or thro' the tem - pests fie-ry breath, Roused me from sleep to wreck and

save; I know Thou wilt.....not slight my call, ..... For Thou dost mark.....
death; In ô-cean's caves..... still safe with Thee,.....The germ of Im - - -

the sparrow's fall.... And calm and peace - ful is my sleep.... Rocked in the
mor - tal - i - ty;..... is my sleep,

cra - dle of the deep,.....
Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, And
Rocked in the cra - dle of the

*Bass (ad lib.)*

*rit.* *Rit. ad lib.*

calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.....
deep And Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

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# Redemption's Story.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. In the be - gin - ning of our re-demp-tion, Mer-cy and love came free - ly to earth; An - gels de-scend - ed, sing - ing the mes-sage,
2. Then in the gar - den all night in an - guish, Weeping and praying, pray-ing for all, That He might suf - fer death and the judg-ment,
3. Then on Mount Cal-v'ry Je - sus was smit- ten, Smitten to suf - fer, bleed, and to die; Hear Him re - peat - ing, "Fa - ther, for-give them,
4. Then He was bur - ied, sealed by the Ro - mans, For He had promised that He would rise; Hark! to the mes - sage; Christ hath a - ris - en,
5. Je - sus is com - ing, tell the glad sto - ry, Je - sus is com - ing down from the sky; We shall be - hold Him com - ing in glo - ry;

Chorus.

Sing-ing of Je - sus and His birth.
Suf - fer to save us from the fall.
Fa-ther, forgive them!" hear Him cry.
Ris - en from death and gone on high.
Je - sus is com - ing by and by.
O what a Sav - ior! wonderful Sav - ior, Com-ing to earth to suf - fer for me; O what a Sav - ior! won-der-ful Sav - ior, Pleading in glo - ry now for thee!

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# To Thee I Fly.

A. FRED H. ACKLEY. BENTLEY D. ACKLEY.

1. When I recalled how I had spurn'd His love, In pen-i-tence I sought the One a-
2. When clouds of doubt obscure my Savior's face, I think of Him who saved me by His
3. When broken down and burdened by my fears, When griefs arise and joy gives place to
4. When I am called up yon-der to my home, To praise my King and there to greet my

*f*

bove, I love the Cross where Jesus chose to die, For by its pow'r I say "To Thee I
grace; And leaving all, by faith to Him I cry, "My soul's support, to Thee alone I
tears; 'Tis then my hope ascends to Him on high, Where I abide with Him to whom I
own; When we shall meet, my joyful heart shall cry, "I'm home at last, to Thee, my Lord, I

*f*

CHORUS.

fly."
fly." To Thee I fly, all oth-ers fail, My Je-sus on - ly can pre-
fly,
fly."

*p* *cres.* *rit.* *ff* *ad lib.*

vail; He gen-tly hears my faintest cry, To Thee I fly, to Thee I fly.

*p* *cres.* *rit.* *ff* *ad lib.*

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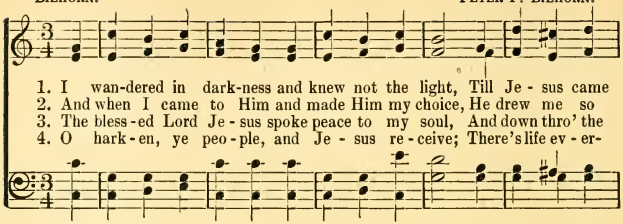
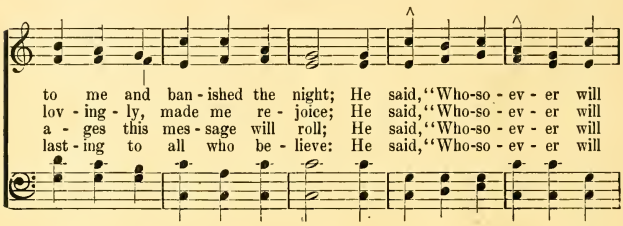
# "Whosoever."

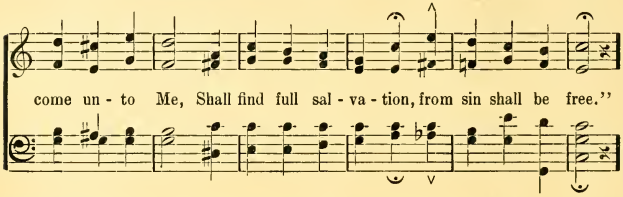
BILHORN. PETER P. BILHORN.



1. I wan-dered in dark-ness and knew not the light, Till Je - sus came
2. And when I came to Him and made Him my choice, He drew me so
3. The bless-ed Lord Je - sus spoke peace to my soul, And down thro' the
4. O hark-en, ye peo-ple, and Je - sus re - ceive; There's life ev - er-

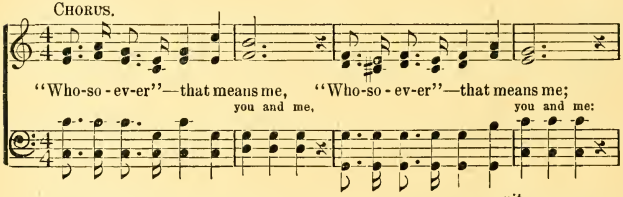


to me and ban - ished the night; He said, "Who-so - ev - er will
lov - ing - ly, made me re - joice; He said, "Who-so - ev - er will
a - ges this mes - sage will roll; He said, "Who-so - ev - er will
last - ing to all who be - lieve: He said, "Who-so - ev - er will

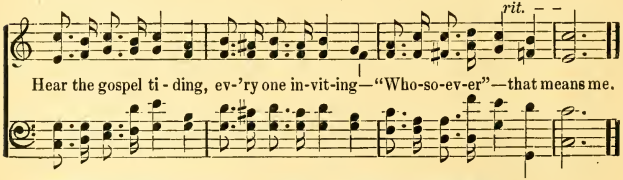


come un - to Me, Shall find full sal - va - tion, from sin shall be free."

CHORUS.



"Who-so - ev-er"—that means me, "Who-so - ev-er"—that means me;
you and me, you and me:




Hear the gospel ti - ding, ev-'ry one in-vit-ing—"Who-so-ev-er"—that means me.

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# Waiting.

L. D. Santee. P. P Bilhorn.

1. Waiting till Jesus shall call you no more, Waiting till mercy has shut to the door,
2. Many are choosing the life and the way, While in the darkness you linger to-day,
3. Wait not too long, He invites you to-day, Wait not too long, there is death in delay,
4. Waiting tho' mercy is sent from a-bove, Wait-ing with of-fers of in - fi - nite love,

*cres.* *f* *rit.*

Slighting the Savior, and choosing the wrong, Losing salvation by waiting too long.
Waiting while others are seeking the Lord, Grieving His spirit and spurning His word.
Mercy and pardon and hope will be gone, Man-y are lost that have waited too long.
Come, there is room with the glorified throng, Turn to the Savior, and wait not too long.

*f* *cres.* *f*

8 8 8

Chorus.

Wait..... not too long,..... Wait..... not too long,.....
Wait not too long, Wait not too long, Je - sus in - vites you, O wait not too long,

*rit.*

Je - - sus in - vites you, O wait ..... not too long.....
Je - sus in-vites you, in - vites you to - day, O wait not, O wait not too long, too long.

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# The Pierced Prince.

Rev. Jas. M. Lively. Bentley D. Ackley.

1. The Prince of Glo-ry pray'd a-lone, The night was dark and bleak;
2. They decked Him in a gorgeous robe, With thorns up-on His brow,
3. They pierced the Prince of Glory there Up-on the cru-el tree;
4. O Je-sus! thou hast suffered thus That I should now go free;

They led Him to the Judgment Hall, And false-ly they did speak.
And spat in-to His bless-ed face, It makes my heart ache now.
His blood flowed out a heal-ing stream, To save a wretch like me.
I'll sing Thy prais-es here be-low, And rest in heav'n with Thee.

Chorus.

Up-on the cross, O can it be, The Prince of Glo-ry bled for me?

*f* *rit.*

Between two thieves He suffered so,— To save my soul— from death and woe.—

*f* *rit.*

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# The King of My Heart.

A. H. ACKLEY. BENTLEY D. ACKLEY.

1. The King of my heart is Je-sus, A king-dom e - ter -nal has He;
2. The King of my heart is Je-sus, His scep-tre of love sways my soul,
3. The King of my heart is Je-sus, From sin I for-ev - er am free,
4. The King of my heart is Je-sus, O hast-en the day when the call—

His throne is es-tab-lished for - ev-er In lives pu - ri - fied and made free.
Each tho't of my life and each ac-tion Is kept in my Sav-ior's con-trol.
For Je-sus in love and in mer-cy Has found-ed His dwelling in me.
Shall sound from the por-tals of heav-en, To crown Him the King o-ver all.

CHORUS.

The King of my heart is Je - sus,.. No monarch could might-i - er be,
is Je-sus,

cres.

Earth's lowliest guest, Heaven's richest and best, His throne is established in me.

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# Not To-night.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. "Not to-night" so ma - ny say, And turn from light and life a-way,
2. "Not to-night" a man re-plied, And turned with careless laugh a-side,
3. "Not to-night!" O, tremb-ling heart Why long-er bid thy Lord depart,
4. "Not to-night" O, sad re-ply, When Christ to save you waiteth nigh,
5. "Not to-night" count well the cost, Should you for-ev - er-more be lost?

A-las! for some 'twill be too late, An-oth - er night may seal their fate.
But death called loud that ver - y night; His soul in ter - ror took its flight.
Why will you choose that bit-ter lot To hear Him say, "I know you not!"
The day of grace may soon be past, Your cry will be lost, lost at last!
If heav'n and bliss you never see, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?

CHORUS.

Come to-night,.....O come to-night,.... Je-sus lov - ing-ly doth wait;
O come to-night, O come to-night, Jesus lovingly doth wait;
Come to-night,.... O come to-night.... *Rit.*
O come to-night, O come to-night, some oth-er night may be too late.

This hymn was suggested by an incident which occured during a tent-meeting conducted by the author. One evening the front seat was occupied by a party of young ladies and gentlemen. One of the young men became anxious about his soul and was personally invited by the author to accept Christ. When about to rise, one of the young ladies gave him a significant touch with her foot. This caused him to settle back, laughingly shake his head and say, "not to-night." On their way home, that night they derisively re-enacted the solemn scenes of the meeting. One played the preacher, one the singer and the others would rise for prayer, weep, and then laughingly say, "not to-night." A stump caused the carriage to upset. The horses became frightened and ran away. The young man who became anxious about his soul but said, "not to-night" was killed.

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# Look to Jesus, When in Trouble.*

J. L. M. YOUNG. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Look to Je-sus, when in troub-le, Let Him al-ways for thee care,
2. Look to Je-sus, when the bil-lows Rush o'er thee, a mighty wave,
3. Look to Je-sus, when temptations Lure thee from the narrow road,
4. Look to Je-sus, when in troub-le, When by sin and sorrow pressed.
5. Look to Je-sus, when the darkness Of the night of death draws near,

Cast thy bur-dens on the Sav-ior, All thy griefs He came to bear.
Lift thy hand and soul to Heaven, Christ Himself will quickly save.
Touched will all thy hu-man feelings, He will bear thy heav-y load.
Don't re-ject His precious promise, "Come to me, I'll give thee rest."
Look! Oh faint-ing, dy-ing brother, Christ will ban-ish all thy fear.

CHORUS.

Look to Je-sus! look to Je-sus! See Him hang-ing on the tree!

Through His death, He came to save us; See Him dy-ing there for thee!

*This was the advice of a Sabbath school teacher to a class of boys, in Mendota, Illinois, among whom was P. P. Bilhorn, then about six years old. In less than a year he had occasion to test this advice, as he came near to death. He was carried away in a rushing torrent from a cloud burst. All effort to save himself were vain, as the grass and weeds, which he caught, gave way to the flood. Helpless, he then lifted his hands and heart to Jesus, and was saved. Two men, on a bridge below, under which the current was rushing, reached down, caught the uplifted hands and drew him out, none too soon, for he lay unconscious for two long hours. An Irish sailor worked over him till the lungs were emptied of water and respiration restored. The following hymn is written in memory of that event, as an exhortation to every soul in trouble, to look to Him who is "Mighty to save."

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## Keep Sweet.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There is a se - cret tried and true, When you with trou-ble meet,
2. When e - vil tempts with-out, with - in, Fly to the mer - cy seat;
3. When all a - round you things go wrong, Ev'ry-where seems de - feat,
4. When you are grieved and sore - ly tried, Fall at the Mas - ter's feet;

You may have peace you nev - er knew, If you just keep sweet.
Je - sus will save you from your sin, And will keep you sweet.
You may be hap - py all day long, If you just keep sweet.
Par-don and peace are not de - nied, If you just keep sweet.

CHORUS.

Keep sweet, keep sweet, This is the on - ly way,
Just keep sweet and you will con - quer,

This is the way to win the day, If you just keep sweet.

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# Jesus Is Sweet to Me.

A. A. K.

ALBERT ALLEN KETCHUM.
Arr. by P. P. BILHORN.

1. As a com - pan - ion there's no bet - ter friend, Je - sus is sweet to me; I think of Him, then my troub-les soon end,
2. When I'm in dark - ness I look un - to Him, Je - sus is sweet to me; He sends the sun - light that floods me with - in,
3. Each day grows bright-er when close to His side, Je - sus is sweet to me; Un-der His bless - ing I pray to a - bide,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is sweet to me. Je - sus is sweet to me, (to me,) Je - sus is sweet to me; (to me;) He keeps me sing - ing, the mu - sic keeps ring - ing, For Je - sus is sweet to me.

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## 200 Yes, We Will.

Mrs. H. E. Jones. F. M. Davis.

1. We will love the children's Friend, yes, we will, Serve Him to our journey's end, yes, we will;
2. We will serve the One so true, yes, we will, Keep the golden rule in view, yes, we will;
3. We will shun the e - vil ways, yes, we will, Watching, praying all our days, yes, we will;

S.

Love the One who loves us so, Serve Him as we onward go, Thro' our journey here be-low,
True in heart, in action kind, Keeping those who need in mind, Manners graceful and refined,
Ev-er God's command o-bey, That we nev-er go a-stray, From His righteous paths a-way,

D. S.—*While His love our hearts shall fill,*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S. al Chorus.*

yes, we will. Yes, we will, oh, yes, we will, Serve our Master, yes, we will;
yes, we will;
*yes, we will.*

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## 201 Little Seeds.

Kate Ulmer. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Lit - tle seed so dark and round, Bur-ied now beneath the ground; How will you a-
2. Lit - tle seed, O tell me, pray, How you'll taller grow each day; Can you show me
3. Lit - tle seed, I long to know How a lit - tle child may grow In God's garden

gain be found! Tell me, lit-tle seed Rest-ing in my qui - et bed, Soon my
now the way? Tell me, lit-tle seed Drink-ing in the rain and dew, From the
here be - low,—Tell me, lit-tle seed Quick-ly turn-ing from all sin, Heart all

roots will downward spread, Then I'll lift my ti - ny head, Thus a - gain be found.
bless - ed sun-shine too; Gaining strength and vigor new, Thus I tal - ler grow.
pure and white and clean; Let-ting Je - sus live with-in, Thus a child may grow.

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## 202 Calendar Chorus.

A. A. K. ALBERT A. KETCHUM.

Je - sus saves me, keeps me each day, I know: Sun - day, Mon - day,

watch-es wher-ev - er I go; (I go;) Tues - day, Wednesday, and ev -'ry day be-

side, Keeps me and leads me and feeds me with love, And I'm sat - is - fied.

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## 203 Gather Up the Rays of Sunshine.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Gather up the rays of sun-shine; For the one whose heart is sore; Seek to cheer the sick and
2. Gather up the rays of sun-shine; Gather them while yet they last, For the time when darts and
3. Gather up the rays of sun-shine; Gather ere the sun goes down; Car-ry them to homes of

sad ones; Brighten up the home still more; Gather up the rays for lone ones Who are
sor - rows Fall so heavy, thick and fast; Gather up the beams for oth-ers, Treasure
dark-ness, Ere the day is ful - ly gone; Soon we'll hear the Master's bidding; "Come, ye

shut from friends away;.. Send the rays in bright re-flec-tion Of the sunshine there today.
them while yet you may,. For the time and hours to use them Can be found thro' all the day.
blessed, to your rest!" Then with rapture we shall meet Him, And forever shall be blest.

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# Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I wan-der'd in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me, And with the sunlight
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll, How-ev - er dark the
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet communion find; I press with ho - ly
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plains, And in the sunlight

CHORUS.

of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
world may be, I've sunlight in my soul. Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day,
vig-or on, And leave the world behind. to-day, yes,
of His love I reap the gold-en grain.

Sun-light, sun-light all a-long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
nar - row way;

took a-way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with-in.
load of sin,

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# Jewels.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,
   All His jew-els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom,
   All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er,
   Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.

# Always Carry Sunshine.

H. L. B. H. L. BROOKS.

1. Be a sun - ny Christian, As thro' life you go, Brighten up the pathway
2. Al-ways brightly shin - ing, Tho' the day be drear, Liv - ing in His presence,
3. Tho' the clouds of sor - row Round a - bout you roll, Like a flash of sun-shine

Of this vale be - low, Storms may o - ver - take you And the way seem long,
Nev - er know-ing fear, Tell - ing of the Sav - iour And His wondrous love,
To the wea - ry soul Come's the voice of Je-sus, Bright'ning up the day,

CHORUS.

Make the moments brighter With a strain of song. Al - ways car - ry
And the rest e - ter - nal In the home a - bove.
Spreading joy and sun-shine All a - long the way. Always carry sunshine,

sun - shine With you where you go, . . . . . Always car-ry
With you where you go, Always carry sunshine Ev'rywhere you go,

sunshine, Cheery, hap-py sunshine, Car-ry sunshine where you go.
where you go.

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# We Are Little Sunbeams.

P. P. B. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. We are lit - tle sun-beams shin - ing bright Hap-py all the day long,
2. We are lit - tle jew - els like a star Darkness will not lin - ger
3. We are lit - tle sun-beams of the Lord, Guid-ed by the foot - prints

do - ing right; We are lit - tle work-ers for our King, Joy - ful - ly we
where we are. We are lit - tle blos-soms, fair and sweet, Sor-row can-not
in his word; We are rays of sun-shine full of light, Sheltered in His

march a - long and sing. We are lit - tle dew - drops gen - tly fall
lin - ger where we meet. We are lit - tle sol - diers march-ing on
keep - ing thro' the night; We are lit - tle mes - sen - gers to - day,

On the droop-ing flow - ers, great and small. We are lit - tle
Je - sus bids us fol - low Him with song. We are lit - tle
Bear-ing pre-cious news a - long the way. We are lit - tle

sun - beams full of cheer, God is al-ways with us, He is here.
sun - beams by the way, Je - sus bids us shine for Him to - day.
voic - es full of song, Sing-ing of our Sav - ior all day long.

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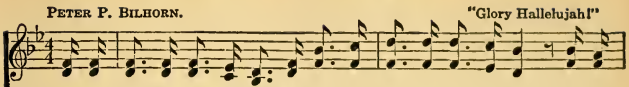
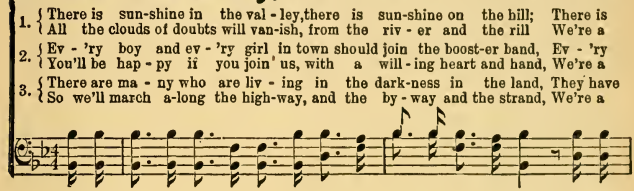
## 208 The Sunshine Booster Band.

PETER P. BILHORN. "Glory Hallelujah!"

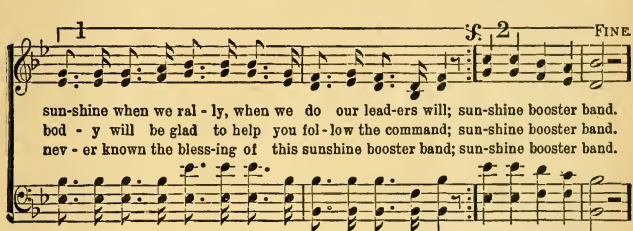


1. { There is sun-shine in the val - ley, there is sun-shine on the hill; There is
   { All the clouds of doubts will van-ish, from the riv - er and the rill We're a
2. { Ev - 'ry boy and ev - 'ry girl in town should join the boost-er band, Ev - 'ry
   { You'll be hap - py if you join' us, with a will - ing heart and hand, We're a
3. { There are ma - ny who are liv - ing in the dark-ness in the land, They have
   { So we'll march a-long the high-way, and the by - way and the strand, We're a



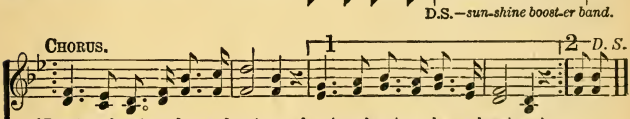


sun-shine when we ral - ly, when we do our lead-ers will; sun-shine booster band.
bod - y will be glad to help you fol - low the command; sun-shine booster band.
nev - er known the bless-ing of this sunshine booster band; sun-shine booster band.



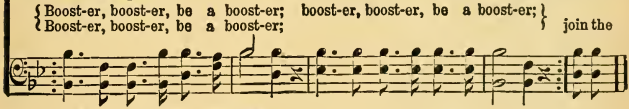
D.S.—*sun-shine boost-er band.*

CHORUS.





{ Boost-er, boost-er, be a boost-er; boost-er, boost-er, be a boost-er; }
{ Boost-er, boost-er, be a boost-er; } join the



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## 209 The Truth is Marching On.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah!"

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHO.—Glory! glory, hallelujah! Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

2 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

3 In the beauty of the lillies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us live to set them free;
While God is marching on.

## 210 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. Bliss. "God is love."—1 John 4: 8. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n,
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,

Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me:
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves e - - - ven me.

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## 211 Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

## 212 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS. WILLIAM MILLER.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
2. { To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast Till He conducts me home?
3. { I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS. FINE.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home!
We'll work, We'll work,

## 213 Work, For the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies, While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute,
tints are glow - ing, Work for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## 214 Love Divine.

C. Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less we would be;

S. Fine.

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
May we all Thy grace in - her - it, May we find Thy prom - ised rest.
May we see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:

D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
D.S.—End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
D.S.—Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

D. S.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

## 215 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. { Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the
   { Wait - ing for the har - vest and the time of reap - ing,
2. { Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fear - ing neith - er
   { By and by the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed,
3. { Go then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus -
   { When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

S. 2 Fine.

noon - tide and the dew - y eve; We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
tained, our spir - it oft - en grieves; We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

*After repeat D. S. to Fine.*

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

## 216 We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATT. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er KNEW our God, But children of the heav'nly King,
3. Then let our song abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
But children of the heavn'ly King, May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on;
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

We're marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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## 217 Seeking for Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY. By per.

1. { Je-sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to sor - row and shame;
D.C. { Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. { Je-sus, the Sav-ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
D.C. { Oh, it was won-der-ful, how can it be? Dy - ing
3. { Je-sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold;
D.C. { Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling

FINE. REFRAIN. For me,..... for me..... D. C.

for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me!
for me! for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!

# Patriotic and Temperance.

218

## Flag of the Free.

P. P. B.
*Unison.*

P. P. BILHORN.

1. No - bly our flag is wav - ing O - ver the land and sea;
2. Proud-ly our flag is wav - ing None can with it com-pare;
3. Loy - al our flag is wav - ing O - ver the brave and free.
4. Brave-ly our flag is wav - ing Wait-ing the com - ing day

Em - blem of peace and pow - er; En - sign of lib - er - ty.
Red, White and Blue for - ev - er, Stars and the stripes so fair.
Glo - ry is sure to tri - umph, Sure of the vic - to - ry.
When o - ver land and o - cean War shall have passed a - way.

Hon - ored by all cre - a - tion, Loved by the good and pure;
Pro - gress our watchword ev - er, Free - dom for all to - day;
Con - quer-ing all be - fore us, Wav - ing for God and right;
Peace then for-ev - er sway - ing Na - tions in ev - 'ry clime;

Na - tions may fall and crum - ble, Our flag will e'er en - dure.
When du - ty calls our foot - steps, We will the call o - bey.
Stars and the stripes we hail thee, En - sign of hope and light.
Red, White and Blue for - ev - er, Bright - ly for - ev - er shine.

REFRAIN.

*f*

Three cheers for the red white and blue, Three cheers for the red white and blue.
The stars and the stripes forever,

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# America the Beautiful.

KATHERINE LEE BATES. (WARD. C. M. D.) C. A. WARD.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spacious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,

For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!

# A Message of Love.

P. P. B. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1 2

{ Sweet, sweet old sto-ry, oft has been told; ne'er grows old.
{ Won - der-ful sto- (*Omit*.....) ry that never grows old.....

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## 220 His Banner Unfurled.

H. L. Frisbie. Francis Scott Key.

1. See the banner unfurled, Lo! the morning is here, The light of the Sun crowns the
2. His le-gions are marching, they follow their King, To hast-en the con-flict the
3. Come sol-diers and fight in this glo-ri-ous war, Un-til the foe yields hard the

hill-tops with glo-ry: See, the mists of the night now are drift-ing a-way, And the
trumpets are call-ing: Go-ing forth in His Name and o-bey-ing His word, See the
bat-tle be press-ing: King Je-ho-vah will lead and the vic-to-ry give, And will

heav-ens are tell-ing a mar-vel-ous sto-ry: Christ shall conquer the world, see His
Kings of the earth in-to bat-tle-line fall-ing: With a sword in their hand, at the
crown you with glo-ry and pow-er and bless-ing; In that glo-ri-ous day will the

Chorus.

banner unfurled, 'Gainst the cohorts of Sa-tan His legions are hurled.
Leader's command, Clad in armor of light see the faithful ones stand. On the land and on
clouds break away, Unto God shall be hon-or for-ev-er and aye.

sea He the vic-tor shall be, By the sign of the cross, shall the bondmen go free.

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## 221 The Star Spangled Banner.

1 Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,

CHORUS. And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

2 On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

## 222 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free. Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake. Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong!
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## 223 Emblem of the Free.

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see, Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos-en of God while His might we a-dore; In

S. Fine.

Ban - ner so bright with star-ry light, Float ev-er proud-ly from mountain to shore.
Lib - er - ty's van, for manhood of man, Symbol of Right thro' the years passing o'er.

D.S.—*While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!*

D. S.

Em-blem of Freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
Pride of our coun-try. hon-ored a - far, Scat-ter each cloud that would darken a star.

## The Star Spangled=Banner

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
And old Glory reflecting reveals all serene.

3 Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

## 224 Glory Be to Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN. Arr. by P. P. B.

1. When from the fold of Christ, my Sav - ior, I went a - stray,
Then I be-sought the mighty Shep-herd My soul to save;
2. Light dawn'd up - on my dark-en'd spir - it, Bright grew the way;
Love filled my soul to o - ver - flow - ing, Ra - diant, di - vine,
3. Now on the shin - ing way He leads me, Sing - ing I go;
Close - ly my Sav - ior walks be - side me, In con - verse sweet,

D.S. FINE.

And o'er my weak, de-spair - ing spir - it Sa - tan held boundless sway,
Gen - tly He drew me to His bo - som, Free - ly my sins for - gave.
When, in my hap - py heart, for - ev - er Darkness was turn'd to day.
E'er since by faith in Christ my Sav - ior I knew that He was mine.
Where E-den's fair - est flow'rs are bloo..m-ing, And liv-ing wa - ters flow.
Till in the glo - ry of His pres-ence Him face to face I meet.

D.S.-*Praise be un - to His name for - ev - er, I'm His and He is mine.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, For His love di - vine;

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## 225 When Jesus Found Me.

P. P. BILHORN. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. I was wea - ry, lost and stray - ing When Je - sus sought me;
2. I was bruised and faint with weak-ness When Je - sus sought me;
3. I'm no long - er lost and bleat - ing Since Je - sus found me;
4. Sin - ner are you wea - ry, wan - d'ring? Je - sus now seeks you;

D.S. FINE.

With the wand'ring sheep was stray - ing When the Shep-herd dear found me.
Sin - ful, wretched, vile and help - less When the Shep-herd dear found me.
Safe - ly shel-tered in His keep - ing Since the Shep-herd dear found me.
Hear the Shep-herd voice is plead - ing, Je - sus now is call - ing you.

D.S.—*In His lov - ing arms He brought me Gen - tly to the Shepherd's fold.*

CHORUS. D. S.

He sought and found me Hun - gry, faint and cold;

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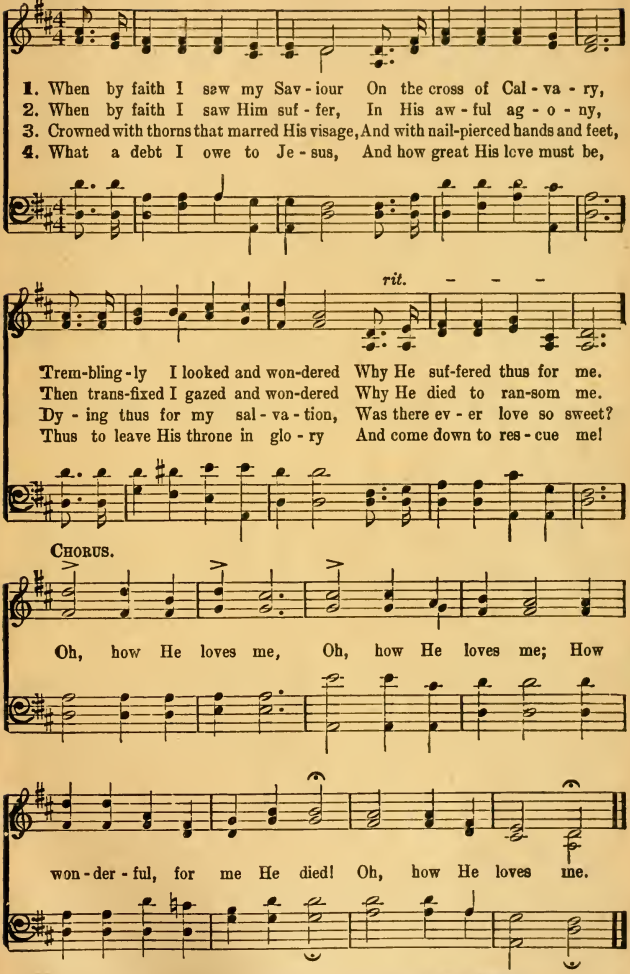
# Oh, How He Loves Me.

H. L. Frisbie. Peter P. Bilhorn.

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# Invitation Division.

## 227 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

*Joyfully.* Fine.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
   See. the Father meets him out upon the way, Welcoming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is rec-on-ciled;
   Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
   Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! bear it far a-way, For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain.

D.C.—"Tis the ransom'd army, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

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## 228 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due. Look ev-er to Je-sus,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
   Be tho't-ful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, 'Thro' faith we shall conquer,
   He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you
Tho' oft-en cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. R. H. PALMER.

## 229 God Has Blotted Them Out.

S. A.

English Melody.
Arranged by P. P. B.

1. God has blotted them out, I'm happy, glad and free; God has blotted them out, I'll
2. God has blotted them out, and cast them in the sea; He will no more remember

turn to I - sai-ah and see;(and see;)Chapter for-ty-four, twen-ty-two and three;
them a-gainst you and me;(and me;) Now a child of God, washed in Je - sus' blood,

He's blott-ed them out and now I can shout, For that means me.
He's blott-ed them out and now I can shout, For that means me.

Arrangement of Music and 2nd Verse Copyright 1926 by Peter Philip Bilhorn.

## 230 He Set My Feet on a Rock.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

He plucked me out of the mire and clay. He set my feet on a rock. He es -

tablished my goings in God's ho-ly way, and put a new song in my mouth.

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## 231 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way?

Your Sav - ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Your Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

## 232 Do Not Pass Me By.

Dr. M. H. STEPHENS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - ior, Tho' so full of sin I am;
2. Lord, the sins of all my life - time Now to Thee do I con - fess,
3. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - ior, Pu - ri - fy me, Lord, I cry;
4. Now He is my Lord and Sav - ior, For He did not pass me by;

Trem-bling-ly I seek Thy fa - vor, Help me, O Thou bleed-ing Lamb.
Turning from the guilt that was mine, To Thy lov-ing ten - der - ness.
O for-give me, keep me, save me, Help me, do not pass me by!
In His love so won-drous ten - der, He has heard my hum - ble cry.

CHORUS.

{Je - sus, Sav - ior, In my need to Thee I cry;
{Je - sus, Sav - ior, Bless me, do not pass me by.

Je-sus, Sav-ior, Je-sus, Sav-ior,

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## 233 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

*pp* — *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and hood not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home.

*p* — *rit.* — *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co. Chicago.

## 234 More love to Thee, O Christ.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. — W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear thou the pray'r I make On bended knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best;
3. Let sorrow do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,
4. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise, This be the parting cry My heart shall raise;

This is my earnest plea,
This all my pray'r shall be, More love O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
When they can sing with me—
This still its pray'r shall be;

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## 235 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
   If you de-sire a new life to be-gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
   Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
   If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart;
   If you would en-ter the mansions of rest,

Chorus.

Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now re-
ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in - to your heart.

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## 236 Glory to His Name.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. O pre-cious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet: Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied Glo - ry to His*

Fine. Chorus. D. S.

name! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

*name!*

## 237 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, brok-en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

Copyright renewed 1899, by W. H. Doane.

## 238 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

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## 239 Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King, Let
2. Joy to the world, the Sav - ior reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy, While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re-
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy!
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

## 240 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around:
Tell the joyful news wherever man is found:
2. Who - so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Living Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is se-cure, "Who-so-ev-er will," for-ev-er must en-dure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the

D.S.-"Whosoever will may come,"

D. S.

proc-la - ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home:

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## 241 I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly, Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, All to Thee, my
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,
bless-ed Sav-ior, I sur-ren-der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name.

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## 242 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with - in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Be-cause He first loved me, And*

CHORUS.

FINE. *D. S.*

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

*pur-chased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.*

## 243 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. T. H. Tenney.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the down-ward road to - day,
4. Re - pent, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n, shall their hap - py por - tion be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,— Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

Refrain.

1-2 E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

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## 244 Shall I Be Saved Tonight?

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

S: Fine.

If I believe He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night.

D.S.—Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
D.S.—Shall I re - ject Him— a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
D.S.—Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

D.S.

Ten-der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, for-give my sin;

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## 245 Drifting Away From God.

Mrs. J. A. Griffith. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Drift-ing a - way from Christ in thy youth, Drift-ing a - way from mer-cy and truth,
2. Drift-ing a - way from moth-er and home, Drift-ing a - way in sor-row to roam,
3. Drift-ing a - way on sin's treach'rous tide, Drift-ing where death and darkness a-bide,
4. Why will you drift on bil-lows of shame, Spurning His grace a - gain and a-gain?

*ff* Chorus.

Drift - ing to sin in ten-der-est youth, Drifting a-way from God.
Drifting where peace and rest cannot come, Drifting away from God. } Brother, the Savior has
Drifting from heav'n away in your pride, Drifting a-way from God. { See you are nearing e-
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to re-main, Ev - er a-way from God.

*f* *rit.*

called you be-fore; }
ter - ni-ty's shore, } Soon you may perish, be lost ev-er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.

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## 246 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandy. Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry.

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

*Ad lib.* *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

## 247 To-Day The Savior Calls.

S. Smith. L. Mason.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-n'ighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3 The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r, Oh, grieve Him not a-way, 'Tis mercy's hour.

## 248 Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

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CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

## 249 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With ma - ny'a con - flict, ma - ny'a doubt—
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has brok - en ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
"Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve,
Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,

## 250 I Hear the Savior Say.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,
gar-ment white, In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

## 251 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

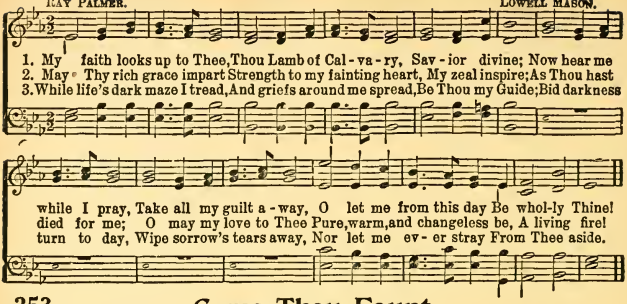
CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry!

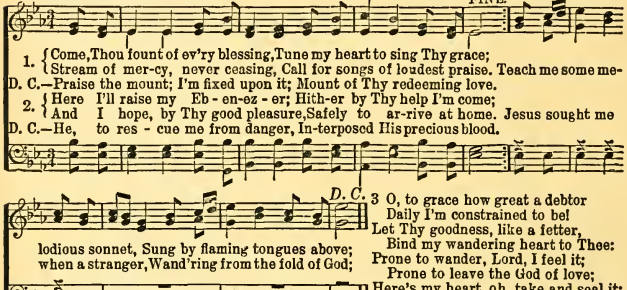
## 252 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.




## 253 Come Thou Fount.

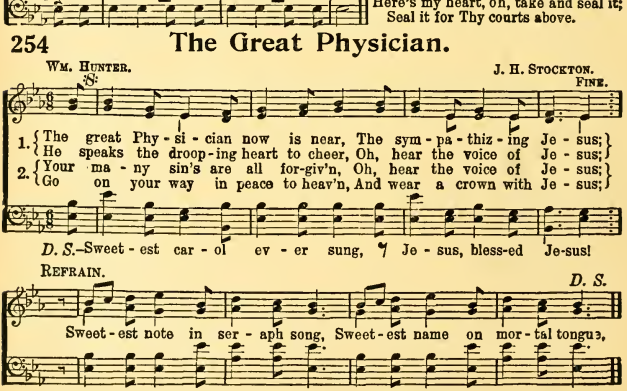
ROBERT ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.




3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 254 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.




3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

## 255 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost."

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## 256 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

S. FINE.

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

D. S.—*He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

## 257 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Rev. W. McDonald. Wm. G. Fisher.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am count-ing
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned with-in; Je-sus sweet-ly

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Hum-bly at Thy
4th v. Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Hum-bly at Thy

all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.

cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now,

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forevermore.

4 Jesus comes; He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am ev'ry whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

## 258 Even Me.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free
Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior! Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, oh, call me.

E-ven me, E-ven me. Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

## 259 I Do Believe.

Charles Wesley. (C. M.) Arranged.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No other help I know; If Thou with-draw Thy-

Cho.—*I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me, And that He shed His*

self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?

*precious blood From sin to set me free.*

2 On Thy dear Son I now believe,
O let me feel Thy pow'r;
And all my varied wants relieve,
In this accepted hour.

3 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

## 260 I Am Praying For You.

S. O'Malley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav - ior, tho'
2. I have a Fa - ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
3. I have a peace; it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the friends of this
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov - ing Sav - ior is

earthfriends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me,
bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en,
world nev-er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er,
your Sav-ior, too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to glo - ry.

Chorus. *f*

And oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior, too.
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am pray - ing,
And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
And pray'r will be answered—'twas answer'd for you!

*p* *f* *pp*

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

## 261 Come to Jesus.

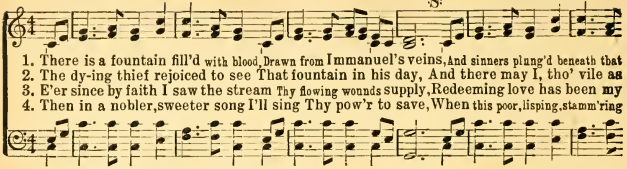
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 Look unto Him.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 Only trust Him.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 I believe Him.

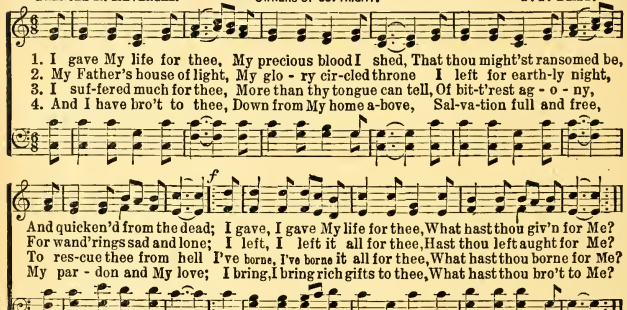
## 262 There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.



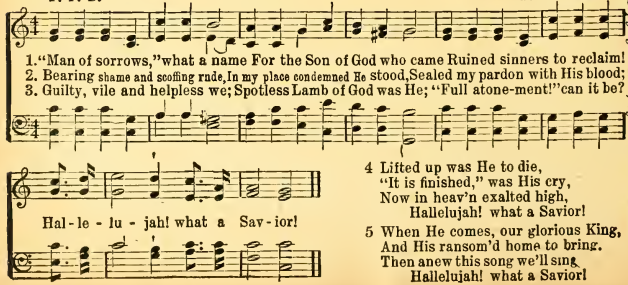

## 263 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT. P. P. BLISS.




## 264 "Man of Sorrows."

F. P. B. P. P. BLISS.




4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heav'n exalted high,
Hallelujah! what a Savior!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
And His ransom'd home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing,
Hallelujah! what a Savior!

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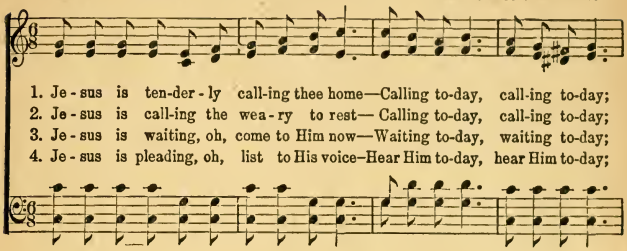
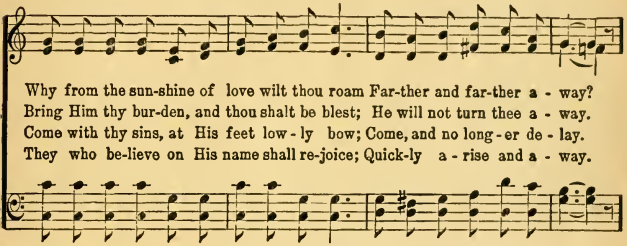
# Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

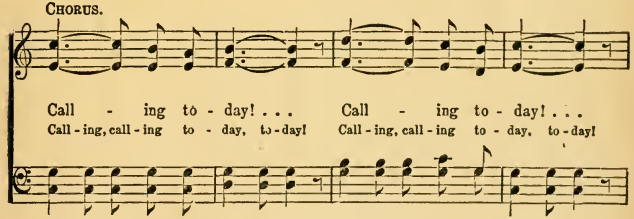


1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice–Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

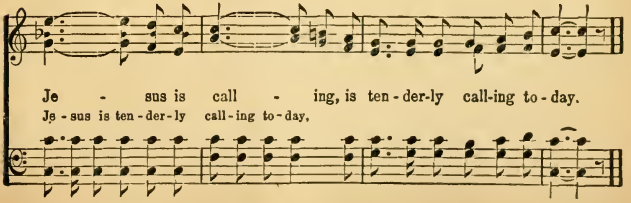


Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! . . . Call - ing to - day! . . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

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# Worship Division

## 266 Holy, Holy is the Lord.

F. J. C. — Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo-ple, glad - ly a-dore Him;
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on, her - ald the sto-ry,
3. King e - ter-nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His children glad-ly a-dore Him,

Let the mountains tremble at His word, Let the hills be joy - ful be-fore Him;
Sin and death His pow-er shall de-stroy, All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
While on earth we swell the happy strain; When we cast our bright crowns before Him;

D.S.—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let His saints be joy - ful be-fore Him.

Might - y in wis-dom, boundless in mer-cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all;
Praise Him, ye an - gels, ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, di-vine;
There in His likeness, joy - ful a-wak-ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing;

## 267 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. — John B. Dykes.

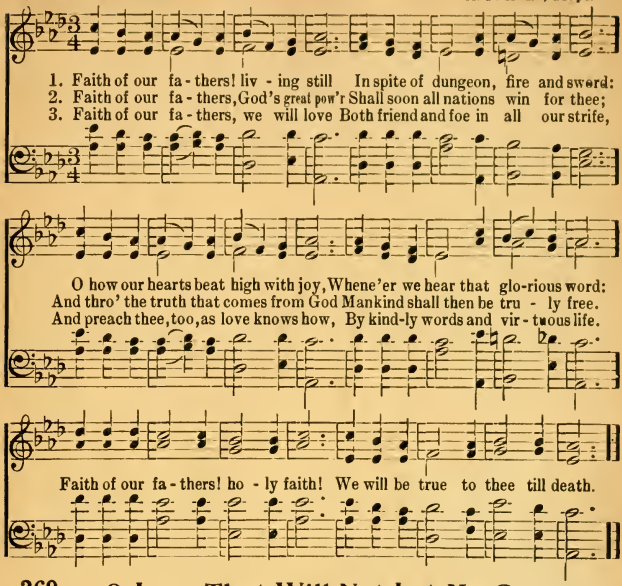
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

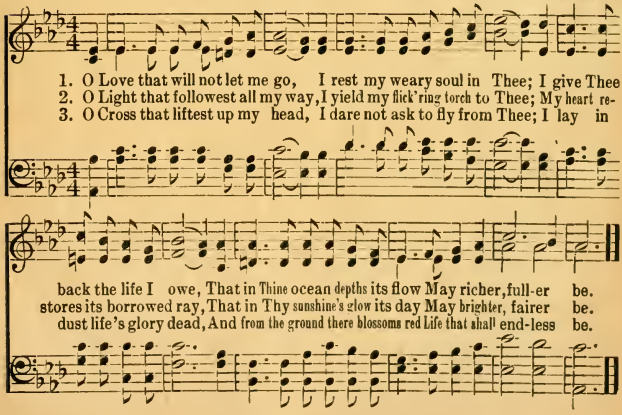
## 268 Faith of Our Fathers!

FREDERICK W. FABER. H. F. HEMY, adapt.




## 269 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

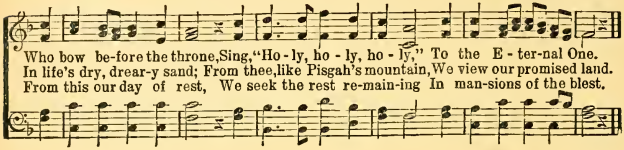
ALBERT L. PEACE.



## 270 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. German.

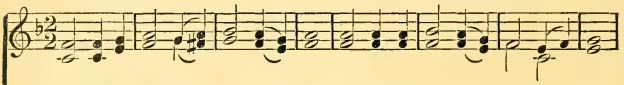
1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee, the high and low-ly
2. Thou art a port protected From storms that round us rise,
A gar-den in - ter-sect-ed With streams of paradise; } Thou art a cooling fountain
3. A day of sweet re-flection Thou art, a day of love,
A day to raise af-fec-tion From earth to things above. } New grac-es ev - er gain-ing



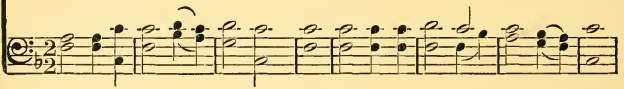
Who bow be-fore the throne, Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the E - ter-nal One.
In life's dry, drear-y sand; From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
From this our day of rest, We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.

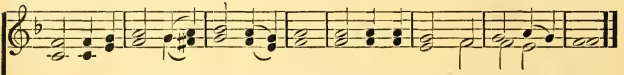
## 271 When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. Ad. by Lowell Mason.

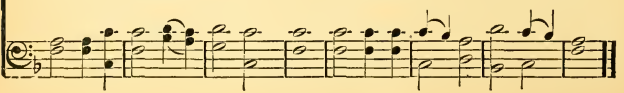


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;





My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



## 272 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle show'r, And harvest fields before us
3. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion,

D. S.—Of na-tions in com-motion,
And heav'nly gales are blowing
Stay not till all the ho - ly

Fine. D. S.

To pen-i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
Are op'ning ev-'ry hour; Each cry to heav-en go - ing, A-bun-dant answer brings,
Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Triumphant reach their home;

Prepared for Zion's war.
With peace upon their wings.
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

## 273 Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

## 274 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the
3. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for - give if they
Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro - ken will

CHORUS.

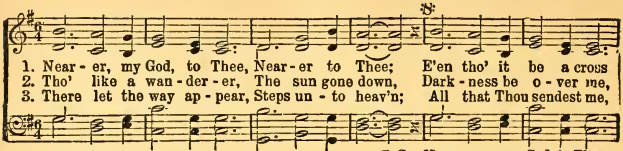
sin and the grave; might - y to save.
child to re - ceive; on - ly be - lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;
grace can re - store; vi - brate once more.

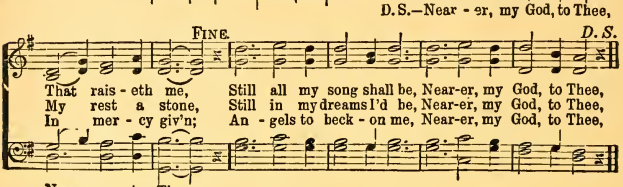
Je - sus is mer-ci-ful Je - sus will save.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

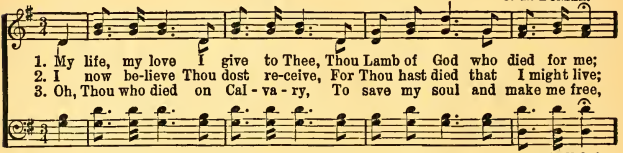
Property of W. H. Doane.

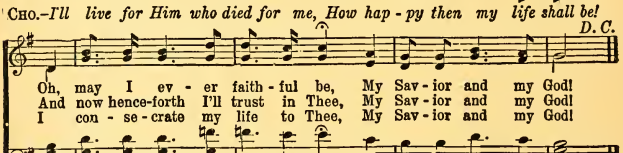
## 275 Nearer, My God, to Thee. LOWELL MASON.



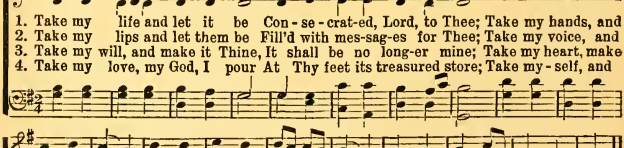



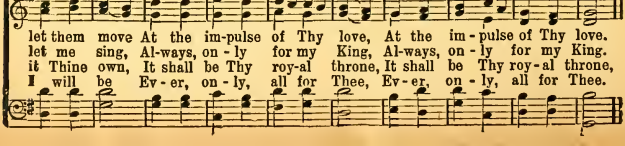

## 276 I'll Live For Him. C. R. DUNBAR.




## 277 Take My Life and Let It Be. HANDEL.



## 278 Jesus Calls Us.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. WILLIAM A. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing: "Chris - tian, fol-low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing: "Chris - tian, love me more,"
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures: "Chris-tian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

## 279 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
Won-drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C.

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

## 280 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE. D. C.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: { Let the wa-ter and the blood,
D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 281 Dare to Stand Like Joshua.

C. M. Robinson. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. We are bound for Ca-naan land, Tent-ing by the way; Who shall lead us on the road? Choose your King to-day.
2. Ma-ny tri-als we have seen Thus far on our way; He hath led us safe-ly thro' Shall He lead to-day?
3. When the dark Red sea of doubt, Bil-low'd in our way; Then He part-ed ev-'ry wave— So He will to-day.
4. Can we safe-ly trust a guide Who knows not the way; God hath trav-eled ev-'ry foot, Shall He lead to-day?
5. Just be-fore us Jor-dan rolls, Right a-cross the way; We can safe-ly trust the Lord, He shall lead to-day.

CHORUS.

Dare to stand like Josh-u-a, Dare to say the word; As for me and for my house, We will ser-ve the Lord.

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## 282 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss. Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more; But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar; Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed, Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

FINE.

D.S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue you may save.

D.S.

CHORUS.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

## 283 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God full sal-va-tion to give, Un-to him who on
2. Man-y loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in
3. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
4. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, His Son, will be-lieve.
glo-ry, and this is their song: Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the
song of sal-va-tion they sing.
prais-es for-ever-er shall be.

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

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## 284 Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy-ful sound: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Spread the ti-dings
2. Waft it on the rol-ling tide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Tell to sin-ners
3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle strife, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! By His death and
4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Let the na-tions

all a-round; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the
far and wide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o
end-less life, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the
now rejoice,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est

steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis our Lord's command; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
back, ye o-cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
heart for mer-cy craves; Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic-to-ry,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

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## 285 Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what-ev - er I know: Now cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

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## 286 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms; What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- } ing arms.

2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

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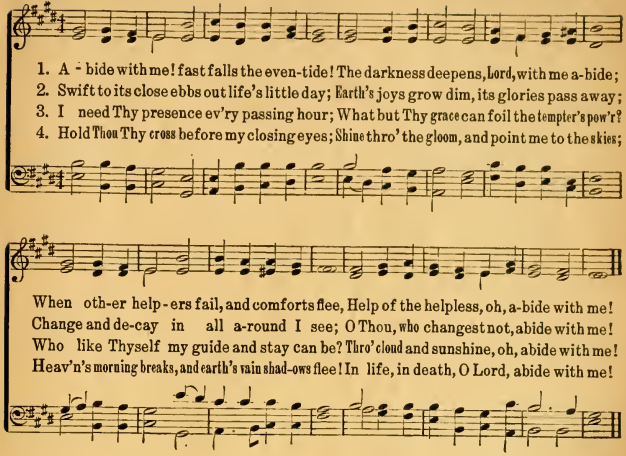
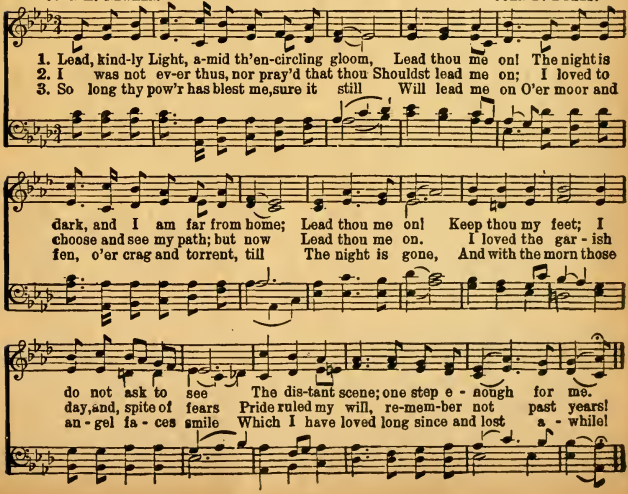
## 287 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



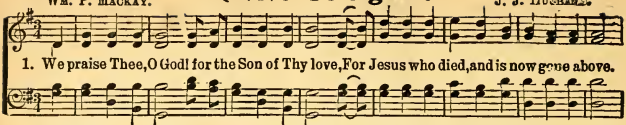

## 288 Lead, Kindly Light.

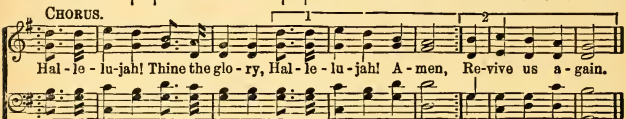
John H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



## 289 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

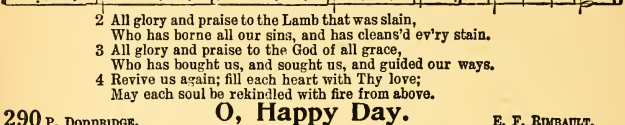


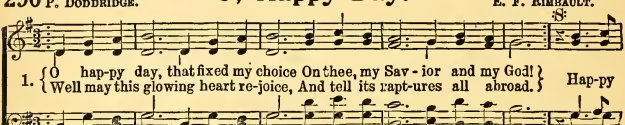




2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
3 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
4 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

## 290 O, Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.



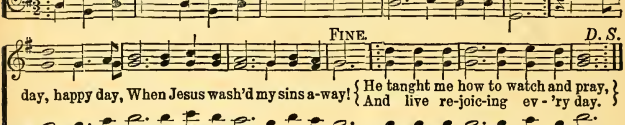



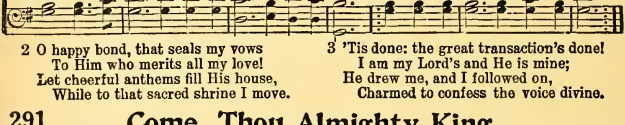

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

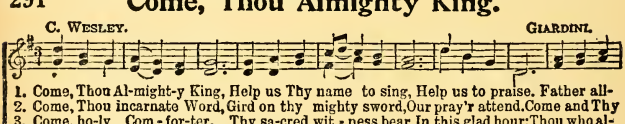
3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

## 291 Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. Wesley. Giardini.





## 292 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET. T. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown.....

prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
Him, crown Him, crown .....Him,

crown ..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

## 293 Miles Lane.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

1 2

crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him.

## 294 Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-

dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

## 295 He Is Risen.

LUTIE G. RICHARDS. PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. { He is ris - en! He is ris - en From the darkness of the tomb; Cease thy strife, O heart, and lis - ten; O - pen wide (*Omit.* . . . .)
2. { "I am one with God the Fa-ther," Were the words di - vine - ly spoke; E - ven lov-ing hearts were faithless, Till that Eas- (*Omit.* . . . .)
3. { Glo - ry be to God the Fa-ther! Glo - ry be to Christ the Son! Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Now I know (*Omit.* . . . .)

and give Him room; Lo! the might-y rock is riv - en; At the door the
ter morn-ing broke; Then what wonder, joy and rapt-ure Flooded ev - 'ry
the vic-t'ry's won! On my heart the res - ur - rec-tion, Now I feel the

*ff* *f* *cres.* *f* FINE.

an - gels sing, "Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le-lu - jah! Ris-en Lord and Mighty King!"
heart that morn; Faith had ripened to fru - i-tion, From the grave rose hope, reborn.
touch di - vine; On my soul the Glory Anthem, "Christ is risen, Christ is mine!"

D. S.–*He is ris-en—He is ris-en! Je-sus, Savior, Lord and King!*

CHORUS. *m* *cres.* D. S.

*p*

O my heart, be still and lis - ten, Let my lips the glad news sing;

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## 296 With My Soul 'Tis Well.

PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! I am glad to tell; With my soul 'tis well.

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## 297 A Charge to Keep.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
And oh, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## 298 In the Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for - sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance stream-ing Adds new lust - er to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

## 299 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly

press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with vict'ry shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

## 300 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich prom-is-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev - 'ry hour I
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

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## 301 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

MRS. LYDA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe— It will joy and
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare; If temp-ta-tions
3. At the name of Je-sus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet, King of kings in

REFRAIN.

com - fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet!
heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete. Precious name! O how sweet!

Hope of earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

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## 302 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine; O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar-row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

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## 303 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

*Slowly.*

1. { Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
   { Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
2. { Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
   { Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
3. { Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
   { Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - - bove.

D.C.—*May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. *D. C.*

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

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## 304 Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer; Nearer the cross from day to day,
2. Near-er the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming nearer; Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am coming nearer; Deep-er the love my soul desires,

I am coming nearer; Nearer the cross where Jesus died, Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
I am coming nearer; Stronger in faith, more clear I see Jesus who gave Himself for me;
I am coming nearer; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,

Nearer my Saviour's wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
Near-er to Him I still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

## 305 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me: O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

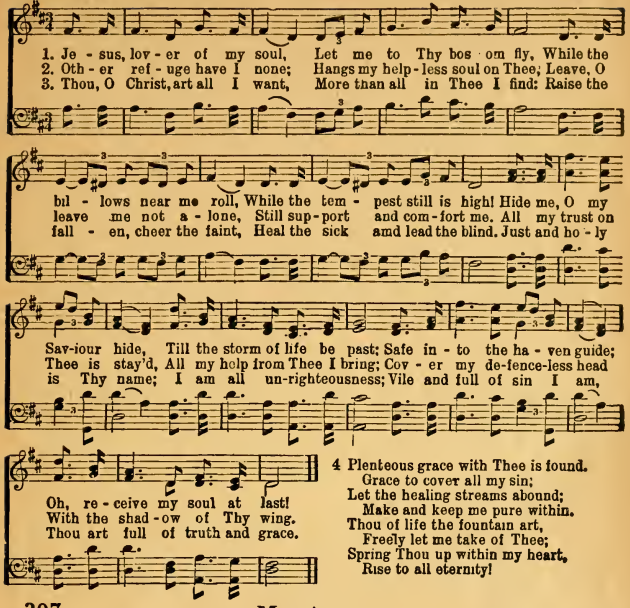
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

Refrain.

{ He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me.
{ His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

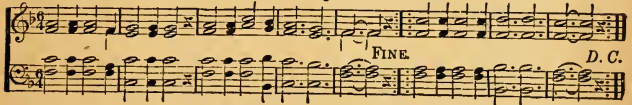
## 306 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

C. Wesley. Jos. P. Holbrook.



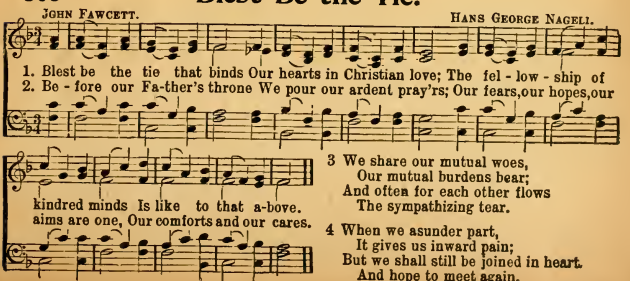

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found.
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

## 307 Martyn.




## 308 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Nageli.




3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart.
And hope to meet again.

## 309 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions, Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

:S: FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis-cour - aged,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee,—Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

## 310 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

## 311 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine!
   Heir of sal-va - tion, purchase of God,
2. Per-fect sub-mission, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight,
   An-gels de-scending, bring from a-bove
3. Per-fect sub-mission, all is at rest, I In my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest,
   Watching and waiting, looking a - bove,

Used by per. of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

S 2 Fine. Chorus.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of - love. This is my sto - ry, this is my song,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D.S.—Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

D. S.

Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song,

## 312 Sweet Hour of Prayer!

W. W. Walford. W. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share:

S Fine.

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing souls to bless;
Till from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r.

D. S

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

## 313 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. J. READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - may'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not, I will not de -

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give the aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri - als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev - er, no

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis- tress.
nev - er, no nev - er for - sake; I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

## 314 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS

1. { Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   { Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
2. { Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
   { Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
3. { Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   { Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words.
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,

won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

## 315 I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true,
Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry;
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

## 316 More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More about Jesus would I know, More of His grace to others show, More of His sav-ing
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern; Spir - it of God my
3. More a-bout Je-sus in His Word, Holding communion with my Lord, Hearing His voice in
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Riches in glo-ry all His own; More of His kingdom's

D. S.—More of His sav-ing

FINE. REFRAIN.

fullness see, More of His love who died for me!
Teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me! More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;
ev-'ry line, Making each faithful saying mine!
sure increase, More of His coming, Prince of Peace!

fullness see, More of His love who died for me!

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## 317 It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,

Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.

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## 318 God Be With You.

J. E. R. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Dai - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's

CHORUS.

sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
man - na still provide you, God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we
threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
meet a-gain. till we meet;

## 319 Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A - men.

## 320 Doxology.

THOS. KEN. LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God from whom all bless- ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

## 321 The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; earth
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread Thy will be done on as it is in heaven;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil; And forgive us our debts, as we for- -give our debtors; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo- ry, for - ev - er A - men.

## 322 Presentation of Offering.

All things come of Thee, O Lord; And of Thine own have we giv - en Thee. A-men.

# New Soul Winning Songs


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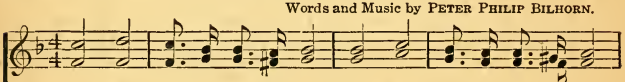
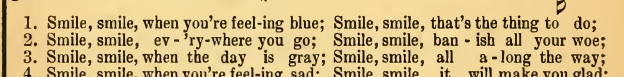
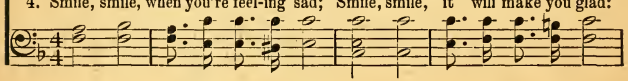
## 326 Smile, Smile.

Words and Music by PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

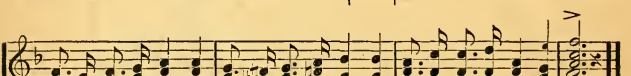


1. Smile, smile, when you're feel-ing blue; Smile, smile, that's the thing to do;
2. Smile, smile, ev - 'ry-where you go; Smile, smile, ban - ish all your woe;
3. Smile, smile, when the day is gray; Smile, smile, all a - long the way;
4. Smile, smile, when you're feel-ing sad; Smile, smile, it will make you glad:





You'll not be of-fend-ing, you'll be con-de-scend-ing, If you'll always wear a smile.
Clouds will all be brighter, disappointments light-er, If you'll always wear a smile.
Sing, and all your troubles soon will turn to bub-bles, If you'll always wear a smile.
It is ap - pe - ti-zing, 'twill be pat-ron - i - zing, If you'll always wear a smile.



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# Just Spread a Little Love.

Theme furnished by
MILTON S. JONES.

PETER PHILIP BILHORN.

1. Do you long His child to be, Kind and gen - tle, help - ful - ly?
2. Would you have His lov - ing hand Lead you safe - ly thru this land?
3. Do you long His peace to know, Have your heart with joy o'er - flow?
4. Would you wear a star - ry crown, When you lay life's bur - dens down?

Just spread a lit - tle love for Je - sus. Would you
Just spread a lit - tle love for Je - sus. And His
Just spread a lit - tle love for Je - sus; When you
Just spread a lit - tle love for Je - sus. Do you

fol - low Him each day, In the straight and nar - row way? Just
lov - ing - kind - ness be, Round-a - bout you faith - ful - ly? Just
meet a bur - dened heart, Like a Chris - tian do your part; Just
long like stars to shine, In the hap - py, heav'n-ly clime? Just

CHORUS.

spread a lit - tle love for Je - sus. Just spread a lit - tle love, Just

spread a lit - tle love, Just spread a lit - tle love for Je - sus.

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# NEW SOUL WINNING SONGS

By

PETER PHILIP BILHORN

BILHORN BROS.
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